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CHARGES OF A MOST SERIOUS nature have been brought against the Reichsbank by Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, who was its president for six years. Addressing the Nationalist mass-meeting at Bad Harzburg, he accused the present management of having falsified its reports. He asserted that the amount and character of the bank's indebtedness had been misrepresented, and added that at least half its supposedly negotiable paper was worthless. The Brüning Government, through Finance Minister Dietrich, promptly denied the charges, while the moderate press angrily demanded Schacht's arrest for treason. It may be that Schacht is willing to risk wrecking the country in order to advance his personal political ambitions, as the moderate press asserted, but it must not be forgotten that too many of his seemingly irresponsible observations on Germany's financial situation in the past have turned out to be true. Moreover, according to H. R. Knickerbocker, Berlin correspondent of the New York *Evening Post,* the Reichsbank itself, in a subsequent communiqué, "substantially confirmed his charges." Even Dietrich failed in his denial to comment on the character of the bills held by the bank, and it was this point that Schacht stressed. For the sake of Germany and of the rest of Europe, we trust that the Schacht charges will be thoroughly investigated. Evasion and the concealment of facts regarding Germany's financial status will not help that country.

ADOLF HITLER is again very much to the front in Germany. At the moment of writing, with the Reichstag about to reconvene after a half year's recess, it is doubtful to many whether the Brüning Cabinet can survive another attack from the combined opposition. It is generally admitted that the increasing intensity of the economic situation has weakened Chancellor Brüning's position. Dispatches from Berlin also say that the right wing has gained in strength, partly through defections from the moderate parties, including primarily the People's Party, but more particularly because of the unity shown by the fascists and their allies at the Bad Harzburg demonstration. On the Social Democratic left further desertions of individual Reichstag members from the Brüning banner have been reported, although the Social Democratic Party as a whole has voted to see the Government through another crisis. A few days before the Reichstag met, President von Hindenburg received Hitler for the first time since the rise of the National Socialists. Details of their conversation have not been disclosed, but it is certainly remarkable that von Hindenburg should have chosen so critical an hour to encourage the National Socialists by conferring with their leader.

CONVENED "TO CONSIDER all obstacles, direct or indirect, that tend to hinder commerce, and the measures that may be adopted to promote trade between the American republics," the Fourth Pan-American Commercial Conference, which has been meeting in Washington, succeeded nevertheless in neatly sidestepping public discussion of the greatest of all trade obstacles, the tariff. It was not that the delegates were reluctant to air the question of tariffs. Quite the contrary, the Panamanian, Cuban, Mexican, and other delegations were outspoken in their insistence that the subject be considered on the floor of the conference. Gonzalo Gutierriz, Cuba, declared that high tariffs were one of the "two subjects which have the whole world in a state of nervousness," while Ramon Arias, Panama, urged the conference to strive for "the elimination of all barriers which may cause economic and political unrest between the nations of this continent." Even non-delegates who addressed the meeting, including Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., and James S. Carson, New York public-utilities official, criticized existing tariffs. But every time the topic was brought up for debate the matter was referred by the chair to the committee on resolutions. That was likewise the fate of the very important proposal for a two-year tariff truce offered by Señor Gutierriz. Though discussion by delegates likely to attack high tariffs was suppressed, Henry P. Fletcher, chairman of the United States Tariff Commission, was permitted to make a long speech in which he vigorously defended the outrageous Smoot-Grundy law. Thus do our officials help to stimulate international trade which is so essential to economic recovery.

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EIGHTEEN MEN AND WOMEN, active leaders in public affairs in New York City, have started a non-partisan campaign to elect Norman Thomas to the presidency of Manhattan Borough. They have taken this action because they "are utterly disgusted with the bi-partisan regime of corruption in our city." They see in Norman Thomas, the Socialist candidate, a man of "rare understanding and statesmanship." They believe with him that

> . . . we must end the slums that serve as breeding spots for delinquency as well as for disease, and that the city must engage in a municipal housing, park, and playground program that will provide homes and recreational facilities for the workers of our community. Norman Thomas is right in insisting upon unified transit facilities owned and managed by the city, and upon public ownership and operation of other public utilities such as gas, electricity, and telephones. . . . Norman Thomas is engaged, not in a political campaign, but in a crusade to cleanse the city of crime, corruption, and incompetence, and to establish a system of city government that will be maintained in the interest of the citizens and not for the enrichment of political groups that serve not the citizens but themselves.

This is a crusade which we unreservedly indorse.

STEADILY THE MOVEMENT for disarmament grows. The Pope in an entirely unexpected encyclical has denounced "the unbridled race of armaments" as in large degree responsible for the present misery of the world. From Holland comes the news of a most extraordinary display of popular interest in this issue. The eighty-four daily newspapers in that little country banded themselves together and printed this petition to the Geneva disarmament conference: "I request your conference to take immediately, in the name of humanity, the necessary steps to bring about the disarmament of nations." No fewer than 2,438,900 out of a total of something over 4,000,000 Hollanders cut these petitions out of their daily newspapers and mailed them in—a genuine popular referendum voluntarily conducted but entirely effective—and a superb example for some of our chains of dailies to follow. In this country the usually fire-eating Senator Swanson of Virginia has declared for the naval holiday provided the 5-5-3 ratio is preserved. As he is the ranking minority member of the Senate Committee on Naval Affairs, his opinion that such a treaty could now be negotiated with Japan and Great Britain carries great weight. The triumphal ending of the Peace Caravan of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, after its cordial reception in New York and Philadelphia, has carried to Washington 150,000 signatures taken on the way.

DETROIT HAS REPLIED with a thundering negative to the charge that government aid for the unemployed constitutes squandering of public funds. In the non-partisan municipal primaries the Detroit voters gave Mayor Frank Murphy an absolute majority over seven other candidates. His vote was three times that of the runner up, Harold Emmons, the candidate of the business interests of the city. Under the Detroit law Emmons will have another chance against Murphy in the November election, but the primary results indicate that he will again be left far behind by the present mayor. Fighting without the aid of a political organization of any sort, Murphy stood squarely on his welfare record. During his year in office he had subordinated all but the most essential tasks to that of extending relief to families and homeless men who were victims of the depression. A summary of his record was published by *The Nation* in its issue of May 13. He pressed his program with unflagging vigor despite a hostile press, a bitterly antagonistic business community, and a rebellious city council. During the campaign six of his seven opponents concentrated their oratorical fire on the mayor's record, accusing him of wasting the taxpayers' money on the jobless. Only relatively less impressive was the victory of several independent liberal candidates for the council. Frank Couzens, relative of the United States Senator, led the list, his vote being nearly double that of the next candidate.

THE GHOSTS OF OUR PAST LIVES arise to confront us! Here is Mr. Somerset Maugham bringing action in London for libel against Elinor Mordaunt, author of "Full Circle," and against the publishers. "Full Circle" has just appeared in London. It was published anonymously in this country last winter under the title of "Gin and Bitters" and it took severely to task an English novelist who had just written a book about a great English poet and his barmaid wife. The poet was recognized by assiduous persons as Thomas Hardy; equally assiduous persons thought they saw in the protagonist of "Gin and Bitters" the slinking figure of Mr. Maugham, hiding behind life to make literature. Both groups were probably wrong. As Mr. Maugham himself has so often and so pointedly declared, verisimilitude in literature is inevitable; the actual reproduction of a living person—or one lately dead—is impossible. There have been, however, a number of persons who felt themselves all too unkindly lampooned by Mr. Maugham in various of his novels. And they will doubtless take a wicked pleasure in his discomfort at what he considers a portrait, however distorted, of himself. Because he is such a fine writer, and because he has used so adroitly and so tellingly the stuff of life, whether of his own life, his friends' lives, or a melange of all of them, one rather wishes he had not thought the libel suit necessary. "Gin and Bitters," at least as it appeared in this country, was an inconsiderable little effort that lost its force by its very malice and bitterness. To dignify it by a court action is to give it more attention than it deserves.

MARC CONNELLY, Elmer Rice, and Arthur Richman, representatives of the Dramatists' Guild on the proposed Conference Board of the Theater in New York City, have announced their withdrawal from that body. Judging by the response made to their letter of resignation by Paul Dullzel, executive secretary of the Actors' Equity Association, that the "machinery [for effective censorship of the stage] has been set up and is, in fact, stronger now than it could have been with a half-hearted allegiance from the guild," it was none too soon. The Dramatists' Guild representatives have declared themselves "unalterably opposed to the imposition of any political, religious, or extra-legal restrictions on the freedom of dramatic art." This highly just and reasonable position has nothing in common with the statement of Mr. Dullzel that action by the Conference Board on a complaint "from the authorities or from any source which appears to be sincere and authentic will be swift; the play will disappear or be modified, if the decision

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is averse to it, without any publicity or recourse to the courts." This is regular Star Chamber censorship of the most obnoxious sort. The public, which might be thought to be the interested party—being the one whose morals or ideas are irretrievably damaged by improprieties—has not even an eye on the proceedings, much less a voice in them. To adult playgoers who believe that they know what they like and what is good for them, the whole business has a very green, melancholy look.

THE EXTRAORDINARY OUTPOURING of grief over the death of Dwight Morrow seems to us quite unsurpassed by any similar event in our long journalistic experience. It was especially remarkable because of the very brief time—four years—in which Mr. Morrow was in public life. There have been other funerals of public men, notably Theodore Roosevelt's, at which there was also widespread and deep emotion. But in most cases a lifetime of public service had preceded. The point of it all is of course that Mr. Morrow had won his place so quickly because, aside from the charm of his personality, he played the game not as the ordinary politician plays it but as a straightforward and honest gentleman ought to handle any situation with which he is brought into contact. Yet how few of the politicians who trooped to his bier or who publicly expressed their regret and sorrow at Mr. Morrow's untimely death will profit by this outstanding lesson of his life! They will continue to face both ways and to regard every question from the point of view of its effect upon party and public and their own political prospects. There is of course nothing new in this. We have said it before many times. But we are more and more convinced that there is no greater mischief being done in Washington than that which comes from this lack of forthrightness by the great bulk of our public men.

WHEN HE WAS TWENTY-THREE, Daniel Chester French executed the statue of the Minute Man at Concord that made him famous; when he was seventy he did the great seated figure of Lincoln that was placed in the Lincoln Memorial at Washington. In the half century between he was at work, the creator of dozens of groups in stone and bronze, the winner of almost as many medals for fine work in this country and in Europe. He grew up in the intellectually charged atmosphere of Concord when that peaceful town was the center of thought in the country. Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau, the Channings, the Alcotts were his neighbors and his friends. Louisa May Alcott gave him tools to model with; his first effort, a bullfrog carved with a jackknife out of a turnip, had enough character to make him try sculpture in more enduring material. He died at eighty-one, the most eminent and by far the most productive American sculptor of his time. New Yorkers see daily his four figures on the Custom House, his Alma Mater at Columbia University, his statues of Emerson, Poe, and Phillips Brooks in the Hall of Fame without perhaps realizing who was the author of figures that have by now become so familiar. It is related of him that he postponed his wedding a week at the very last minute because he had work he could not leave. If this is apocryphal, it is characteristic enough of his passion for his art. A long life of the most scrupulous and undeviating labor was, in his case, happily crowned by every honor that his profession could give.

The Manchurian Crisis

THE whole world is eagerly watching the meeting of the League of Nations at Geneva which will attempt to arbitrate the question of Manchuria. For three weeks China and Japan have virtually been in a state of war; for three weeks Manchuria has been virtually occupied by a hostile army. Despite the more pacific pronouncements of the Japanese Government, the Japanese army and navy have gone ahead as if war had been declared—and the Government has remained in office! A preliminary appeal by China to the League of Nations brought no results. But at last, when hope of American or League action had been despaired of, Secretary Stimson issued his by now famous appeal to the League to take cognizance of the Manchurian situation and his declaration that the United States "acting independently through its diplomatic representatives" would endeavor to reinforce the League's action.

This looked like a clear and unnecessary avoidance of the numerous treaties, including the Nine-Power Treaty and the Kellogg-Briand Pact, to which the United States and Japan were signatories. We are not—officially—a member of the League of Nations; we are bound by the consultative pact. A firm stand at the beginning with Japan might possibly have avoided the hostilities which are daily increasing in violence. The step Secretary Stimson did take, however, may well prove to be a far more momentous one. He offered to take part in the Geneva meeting by sending Prentiss Gilbert, American Consul General, as an "unofficial delegate," and announced that the United States was prepared to cooperate with the League in "whatever steps it may deem necessary to preserve peace."

The United States, then, in the first dispute between two major Powers which threatens not only to engulf them in war but to drag in, irresistibly, any number of others, has frankly joined with the League of Nations to keep peace. Japan, however, has other plans and refuses to admit Mr. Gilbert, even "unofficially." The United States, rebuffed in its gesture toward the League, seems in duty bound to protest directly to Japan under the existing treaties. As for the League of Nations, it is faced with the final test of its existence. Can it prevent war between two great Powers? Will it yield to Japan over Manchuria? Chiang Kai-shek has announced that if the Japanese do not leave Manchuria China will not hesitate to take the ultimate step and declare war; Japan replies by pooh-poohing this threat, but utters threats in turn by promising drastic action if the anti-Japanese agitation, including the boycott, does not cease. Japan's position is vastly weakened by the obvious advantages to her of acquiring Manchuria. In the event of war, that province could be cut off from the rest of China by a small force and occupied safely for the duration of hostilities—and after. If Japan is allowed to acquire Manchuria or capture it by force of arms, what will be the position of Soviet Russia, which also finds the disputed province attractive? Plainly there is the greatest danger.

Here is a first-rate, large-Power question which confronts the League of Nations and—or with—the United States. For however it is settled, this country will have made its gesture, and cannot, in the future, remain aloof.

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More Dictators Abroad

THIS has been a very bad week for those who believe that the United States forever fortified and safeguarded democracy in Europe by winning the World War. The news from Germany tells of the practically complete abolition of republican government. From England comes the appeal of James Ramsay MacDonald, made on the dissolution of Parliament, for the return to office of the National Government with a blank check from the British electorate. This appeal, broadcast in America as well as in England, was for an entirely free hand to meet the grave dangers that might arise in the immediate future, about which he frankly stated that he could not be specific. He used these words:

> These are times of exceptional urgency and exceptional conditions which demand exceptional treatment. As it is impossible to foresee in the changing conditions of today what may arise, nobody can set out a program of detail on which specific pledges can be given. The Government must therefore be free to consider every proposal likely to help, such as tariffs, the expansion of exports, the contraction of imports, commercial treaties, and mutual economic arrangements with the dominions. It must watch how the devaluation of money and the economies which had to be made to balance the budget affect our people to protect them against exploitation.

These are the words of all dictators. Every Mussolini is always sure that his times are of exceptional urgency and that exceptional conditions demand exceptional treatment. That so great a democrat—in the past—as Mr. MacDonald should come to this, strikes us as profoundly melancholy. Were he demanding these exceptional powers for the progressive Labor Party with which he has been associated all his life, it would perhaps be possible to understand his appeal. But what he is in reality now working for is the return to control of the men who have been his sworn political enemies. Everybody assumes that the coalition will be returned with the Conservatives in great majority, with only a few protectionist Liberals and MacDonald Laborites to bear out the fiction of a "National" Government. What would Ramsay MacDonald have said a few years ago to the proposal that he should help to put the Conservatives into power and then give them a blank check to fill out? Of course he sincerely believes in his diagnosis of the emergency and he is unmoved by the fact that all the men with whom he has seen eye to eye for so many years believe him now a traitor to their cause and entirely mistaken in what he demands. He, the former free trader, has frankly opened the door to the protectionists. Speaking of a possible reduction in imports he says, "It might mean a tariff which would act as an impediment to their coming into the country." No question of principle here, no pledge, no promise. There is only a demand for freedom for him and his future associates —who cannot now be named—to do what they, in their wisdom, may see fit. It is a technique which must arouse the envy of Mussolini himself, especially as Mr. MacDonald has coupled it with one of his customary emotional appeals: "You trade unionists, you working-class wives, if you only could appreciate how the struggle in which we are engaged is your struggle, your feet would be swift in bringing you to the polls to support the National Government."

That the reelection of the National Government upon these terms means a long step to a national dictatorship, we cannot doubt. From the whole tenor of this speech it would appear that Mr. MacDonald will not shrink from any such logical results of his action. It will apparently seem natural and normal to him to be swept back into office with a Conservative majority. But there is no guaranty whatever, once he comes back with this majority, that he will not promptly find himself en route to the embassy in Washington, or otherwise shelved by the protectionists, who will then take over the management of the country in their good old-fashioned imperialistic and reactionary way. Certainly the economic crisis is not going to be exorcised tomorrow or next week. With men of the Baldwin and Chamberlain type in control of the government we may be sure that there will be no haste in declaring the emergency at an end.

But the news from Germany is much worse. If the dispatches are correct, when the new emergency decree is put into effect, there will be nothing left but the shell of a republic. This decree, also proclaimed to be purely an emergency measure for "the protection of economy and finances and the suppression of acts of political terrorism," is the third in a chain Dr. Brüning has devised to reorganize German economic and political life. Here again the emergency is said to be so great that during this present period the government need no longer observe the articles of the constitution providing for the inviolability of personal liberty, of a man's home, of postal and telegraphic secrecy, of the right of free speech in the press and the assembly. But Dr. Brüning does not stop there. The edict also suspends the article guaranteeing the inviolability of private property.

In the face of all this why should anybody worry about the coming of a Hitler or Communist dictatorship in Germany? If these edicts go through and Herr Hitler takes office, how delightfully will the way have been smoothed for him! The Communists, too, ought to vote for this decree, for it is precisely what they would do if they followed the example of their Russian masters. It is especially kind of Dr. Brüning to do away in this highly respectable manner with the inviolability of private property. That will be acclaimed by the press and the bankers here and abroad as highly commendable in order to put Germany's house in order, to safeguard her finances, and to prevent internal collapse. It makes such a difference how respectable the people are who do these radical things! But the precedent created may speedily come back to challenge the originators of this decree in a way they will not like. The spirit of the republic is dead and gone. Its form only survives, and history shows that if it is profoundly easy to get away from democracy it is still more profoundly difficult to retrace one's steps. For always the dictator is certain that the emergency calls for more emergency decrees, and that he alone is capable of understanding the necessity for cutting loose from all constitutional and democratic guaranties and restraints.

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Hoover and the Banks

OF vital importance was President Hoover's move to aid the banks, but even greater value must be attached to the announcement that he will discuss reparations with Premier Laval on his arrival here—not merely a continuance of the moratorium, but actually the subject of international debts and reparations. The French Premier is reported to be quite ready for this; indeed, he is declared to be willing to trade a 25 per cent cut in armaments for a 50 per cent cut in reparations. As to that we shall see what we shall see. The important point is that Mr. Hoover is now tackling one of the deeply rooted causes of the whole economic depression. All other moves are bailing the leaking boat. Mr. Hoover's insistence upon this discussion is the more praiseworthy because the conferees at his banking conference at the White House made him strike out of his prepared statement a reference to the debts lest the members of the House and Senate present find themselves bound to something to which they could not later agree. All in all, this is genuine progress; we trust that it will not be halted for any reason whatever.

In its broader aspects we heartily approve of Mr. Hoover's move to aid the banks. It was more than time for the President to act and there is no doubt that the first psychological effects have been excellent. It is true that in the general chorus of approval and because of the serious emergency those who have their doubts will keep them under cover, at least until Congress meets. Only in the matter of broadening the bases of Federal Reserve loans and discounts is there public dissent. But the essential fact is that the banks were in a serious condition that was steadily getting worse; that the Controller of the Currency had announced that the bank examiners were looking with great leniency upon the valuations being put upon securities in excess of market prices; that bank runs have been averaging something like forty a week; that gold and currency hoarding is steadily increasing—$185,000,000 of gold is reported to have been withdrawn in the first week of October, while currency has increased by $700,000,000 since the first of the year. In addition it is well known that the drop in security values was more and more affecting bank loans, and that some means of helping the depositors in banks that have failed must be devised.

There was one obvious mistake in Mr. Hoover's plan—he should have asked for a much larger sum than $500,000,000. Fortunately the bankers realized this and promptly raised twice that sum, the whole operation being put through with most encouraging unity of action and dispatch. That the President himself had doubts as to whether he had suggested enough appears from the fifth clause of his statement that "if necessity requires, I will recommend the creation of a [government] Finance Corporation similar in character and purpose to the War Finance Corporation, with available funds sufficient for any legitimate call in support of credit." This would be a serious step, not to be taken without most careful consideration by Congress; for if conditions grow worse this precedent will certainly lead to demands for the reconstruction of the War Industries Board with dictatorial powers to take over such jeopardized industries as the railroads, the oil companies, and the textiles. Indeed, there were widespread rumors that the President had far more drastic proposals in mind than those that finally appeared.

China's Great Tragedy

OUR own troubles are real enough, and they are many in number. But they should not blind us to the colossal tragedy that has overtaken millions of human beings living in the Yangtze valley of China. Imagine how appalled we should be if two or three hundred thousand of our own people were suddenly swept to death by the rising waters of the Mississippi or the Missouri, and the terror into which we should be thrown if half our population were thereafter faced with raging pestilence and seemingly endless famine. Such, stated all too casually, is the plight of China today as the result of the overflowing of the Hwai and Yangtze rivers. How many have thus far died in this unprecedented flood no man can tell; the estimates run from a hundred thousand to more than half a million. How many more will probably die, not from drowning, for the flood waters are slowly subsiding, but from the disease and hunger following in the wake of the catastrophe, can only be guessed. Chinese and American relief workers feel that if fortune favors them the final toll can be kept under two million souls.

That is the terrible cost of what Vernon Nash, who has left his duties at Yenching University in Peiping to assist in the relief work, has called "probably the greatest natural calamity which the world has suffered in recent centuries." But the extent of the calamity does not stop there. In a letter to the editor of *The Nation,* Mr. Nash speaks of attempting to "alleviate the misery and horror which have descended upon some tens of millions of human beings." And that is the pressing task of the moment. When the flood waters came down the valley in late July and early August they covered sixteen provinces, in which 52,000,000 persons normally live. At least 28,000,000 peasant farmers and city dwellers were, and still are, directly affected. Many of them have lost their homes, their equipment, their tools, and their live stock. Most of them have been cut off from the normal sources of food supplies, and the relief workers, because of the havoc wrought by the flood, are having difficulty in getting food to them. Most horrible of all, these victims are compelled to drink of the unclean water which has flowed over the banks of the rivers, water into which thousands of bodies have been dumped for want of burial space, and in which floats the refuse of unnumbered villages and towns, of animals and humans. When the flood was at its height a huge lake was formed in the marsh lands between Hankow and Nanking, and there collected thousands of corpses and rotting carcasses of animals. Dysentery has already stricken thousands, if not hundreds of thousands, of the flood victims; typhoid fever is reported spreading in every direction, and an outbreak of cholera is believed by many relief workers to be imminent. Indeed, though the engineers give them slight hope, physicians on the scene say that unless the water recedes sufficiently within the next few weeks to clear the lowlands, epidemics of cholera and typhoid fever cannot

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be avoided. To make matters worse, a large part of the rice crop of China has been wiped out by the flood; great quantities of food will have to be sent in from foreign countries to keep from hunger many of those Chinese who do not even live along the Yangtze. Without hurting ourselves we could give them our surplus grain, which has become a millstone around our economic neck; but it would be futile, nay, inhuman, to ask the Chinese for promissory notes in return for our unwanted wheat; the giving should be an act of simple charity.

Relief of many sorts must be sent into the Yangtze valley, and that at once. Until now the relief from other countries has been pitifully meager. The American Red Cross has given $100,000, the Pope has sent $12,500, and Japanese merchants have offered to help. But the bulk of the relief from abroad has come from the Chinese resident in this country. They have sent what they could of their savings, amounting to perhaps a million dollars, and through the kindness of the steamship companies, which have carried the goods free of charge, they have managed to ship several hundreds of boxes of clothing to their friends and relatives at home. The Nanking Government, too, has done what it could in the way of relief, though the civil warfare of the past few years has virtually drained its treasury, so its help has been almost negligible. Its major contribution has been the creation of a National Flood Relief Commission, which has been trying to raise, with some success, the sum of $15,000,000 for work in the Yangtze valley. But this is far from enough. Unless the outside world responds in more generous measure than it has, the death toll will be multiplied many times before the ravages of famine and disease have run their course.

The New Renaissance

PERHAPS the American worm is turning at last, and by doing so is about to win that respect which even a worm—provided it is properly aggressive—can always win. As long as three winters ago Mr. St. John Ervine came to these shores in the shining and impenetrable armor of an English author but left after a somewhat doubtful contest. Still more recently Mr. Priestley—strong with that sense of a universal politico-philosophical competence which the writing of a popular novel seems almost always to confer—came, saw, and did something considerably less than conquer. Then, at about the same time, Bernard Shaw confessed from the depths of his now silvery beard that he did not really believe Americans much more stupid than the rest of humanity though he always pretended to do so simply because he had learned from experience how much they liked to be insulted, and with what a lavish hand they would reward those who took the trouble to insult them.

But this is not all, for the wonders rather grow than cease, and André Maurois, a highly gifted and popular French man of letters, has heaped surprise upon surprise. While he was here he said very nice things about us both in private and public and, what is more, is apparently going to risk his reputation at home by saying nice things about us there, too. On top of his article Advice to a Frenchman About to Visit the United States, which appeared recently in the *Atlantic Monthly*, comes one which he has just contributed to the *Morning Post* in London and which our own New York *Evening Post* considers important enough to be the subject of a special dispatch.

It is true that Maurois plainly implies that nearly all Frenchmen and nearly all Englishmen frankly consider us to be the scum of the earth and a menace to that beautiful European civilization which produced a war grander than anything which we could hope to rival with our petty gangsters and our relatively inefficient prohibition agents. But for himself (and quite seriously) he states some very pertinent objections to this view. If the civilization of the machine and industrialization are to blame, then it is at least worth while to remember that industrial civilization was invented in the nineteenth century by France and England. American culture, he continues, is rather primitive than inferior, and "for my part I think that we shall have difficulty in saving our Western civilization during the next few decades, but that one of its sanctuaries, along with Paris and London and some of the great European universities, will be the rocky islet of Manhattan."

These are very comforting words, even though we sometimes quite seriously wonder whether or not it will be worth while if we can do no more than salvage that civilization of Europe which certainly does not seem to have been a complete and howling success when one considers certain of its aspects. But what interests us most is when M. Maurois, referring to the primitiveness rather than the inferiority of our culture, adds, "The period in European history which comes irresistibly to my mind when I think of America is the Renaissance . . . at the present time the United States is in the period of Cesare Borgia, of Henry VII, and of Machiavelli." If we catch his drift, M. Maurois is saying that the violence and corruption characteristic of the American scene is not merely like that of the Renaissance, but that it is attributable to the same cause—to the abounding vigor of a youth which experience has not yet disciplined. He has more hopes for us than we sometimes have for ourselves, and he is convinced that we shall survive gangsters and thugs even as Italy survived those tyrants and those bullies who seem more picturesque only because they are remote.

We are not sure just how much comfort we personally can take in this comparison. Unfortunately we do not feel particularly primitive ourselves and we are frank to confess that we should probably be even less comfortable in the Rome of the sixteenth century than we should in the Chicago or (*pace* its patriots) the New York of today. But from the standpoint of an argument, his is a splendid suggestion and we shall certainly remember it the next time we engage in a discussion with some overwhelmingly contemptuous Englishman. We shall listen less uncomfortably than we have ever listened before while he draws a vivid picture of politics in America and asks, without expecting to be answered, how a country which was ruled by the Harding Cabinet, how a country which invented the Mann Act for the Encouragement of Blackmail, how a country which tolerates a Diamond and a Capone, can presume to call itself civilized. "Ah, yes," we shall reply, "but remember Florence and Rome and Naples. If half of us are Borgias, De' Medicis, and Viscontis, why then perhaps the rest of us may be Michelangelos, Da Vincis, and Raphaels. We are primitive, you must remember, but we are not inferior."

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Speaking of Revolution . . .

By HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

IT happened during the eighties of the century before last. Berlin was still an amiable village, and a tired old king, his bones aching from the interminable hours spent in the saddle, was trying to rule his newly acquired domains, with the help of an underpaid army and an empty treasury. The situation was desperate. A nation that has never yet rebelled without respecting the "keep off the grass" signs was on the verge of a most respectful and obedient mutiny. When as a last resort coffee was taxed and "coffee sniffers" were snooping down the highways and byways to detect, by means of their well-trained noses, whether any honest citizens were perchance roasting a few bootleg beans of their own, mere grumbling developed into open acts of discontent and the patient Prussians took to pamphleteering. But those were the days when kings had never yet heard of "service" and were still trained in the principles of "leadership." It was not always the best or the wisest leadership, but nevertheless the average potentate did not feel it to be his duty to act the role of rubber stamp. Even such sad specimens of royalty as Louis XV had occasional attacks of what one might call a certain elementary "sense of duty," and Frederick, who was far from a "sad" specimen of his tribe, was not only chief of police of the rustic little city that served him as a capital, but he also devoted himself to a hundred other jobs, from inspecting the newly laid-out parks of his private zoo to tasting the soup brewed for his grenadiers. Behold then the old and bent figure of Fredericus Rex suddenly appearing down the Linden and surprising a mob of hilarious Teutons laughing uproariously at something apparently printed on the wooden fence that hid the gruesome splendor of what was to be a foreign embassy. The equivalent of "Cheese it, the cops!" was whispered from mouth to mouth. The crowd dispersed. One trembling citizen remained behind. And one royal finger was crooked and one royal word was uttered: "Hierkommen." The citizen came. The Majesty inquired to know what had given so much entertainment to the Majesty's otherwise gloomy subjects. The trembling citizen, contemplating the famous cane (the fugitives from Gross-Jägersdorf knew that cane), stammered, "Your Majesty, it is a lampoon about Your Majesty's most August Person." This time the most August Majesty spake two words: "Niedriger hängen [hang it a little lower]," and went his way.

The story came back to my mind tonight reading about the death of Dwight Morrow. And then I thought of something else in connection with that extraordinary Fredericus Rex, who, if he had lived today, would have insisted upon having that amiable Amherst graduate ambassador to his own court, in delighted exchange for some of the former occupants of the United States embassy. For the two would have got along admirably. They had started life from somewhat different angles. But both of them had learned to accept human stupidity as an absolutely inevitable part of existence. Since the Creator himself had not been able to do a better job, why should mere man insist upon perfection? Of course, with the help of police regulations and censorships and deportations and jail sentences a great deal could be accomplished in "establishing order." But what was the use, as Frederick was overheard to remark: "Denn mit Kanonen kann jeder Esel regieren." Or in the vernacular of today, "With the help of machine-guns any donkey can rule a state."

I am supposed to be writing of revolutions, and as the Great White Father never tires of telling us, this is merely a depression, a fairly bad depression but one of those economic contretemps which are unavoidable in a nation devoted to the principles of the high tariff and sturdy individualism—except for the makers of the tariff, of course. Nevertheless and notwithstanding, I feel that something has happened in the Republic which is of bad omen. I feel as those who meant well by the old regime of France must have felt when Mirabeau died. It is of course quite impossible to say what would have happened if Mirabeau had lived ten years longer. And it is equally futile to speculate upon the future of our country if Dwight Morrow had been able to devote another dozen years to the pursuit of common sense mixed with humor and humor mixed with common sense. The most dreadful thing in the whole present muddle is that absolute lack of any trace of humor which is so characteristic of the present Administration, that peevish and childish resentment of anything that might reflect upon the rigid standards of wise behavior as laid down by the Pontifex Maximus (and what a bridge-builder!) of F Street. In this day and age, when the whole social and economic fabric is merrily tumbling about our ears, we have desperate need of rulers wise enough to hang their lampoons a little lower that all the world may see them and have its little laugh and thereupon ignore them. Today, among our mighty men, when it has been proved a hundred-fold that in the conflict between ideas and shotguns the ideas generally win, we must rattle our injunctions and our federal indictments as if they were *lettres-de-cachet* signed by a Bourbon or a Capet.

I wanted to talk about revolutions and here I am talking about Dwight Morrow. I wanted to talk about revolutions because knowing them from personal experience I do not want them as much as those who merely have read about them in books. And now the one man who sat in the seat of the mighty and who could take a joke, even on himself, is dead. Nobody remains to hang the lampoons a little lower. And I, for one, feel that it is just about the worst thing that could possibly have happened to us. I may be wrong. I hope that I am wrong. But I am afraid that I am right. There will be more pamphlets. And there will be more hanging. But not of any pamphlets.

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Can Capitalism Plan?

By LOUIS FISCHER

Moscow, September 15

THE Soviet Government is executing its first Five-Year Plan and drafting the second. There will be many more before all the resources of the vast continent under its banner will have been completely exploited. The Five-Year Plan, or *Piatiletka,* is law and life in Russia. Every factory knows its part in that larger scheme; every child studies the general outline of the *Piatiletka* and learns of the benefits that may be expected to flow from it. The entire Soviet Union labors and moves under the sign of the great plan.

When the Five-Year Plan was originally published, many Russians, even many Bolsheviks, regarded it skeptically. The task was too gigantic for a country as backward as the U. S. S. R. If the progress it charted was achieved in a decade, the doubters said, Moscow would be lucky indeed. That was 1928. In 1929 the chorus continued to swell. But 1930 brought some discordant notes. Courageous souls commenced to assert that new factories and cities were going up throughout Russia, and that the plan enjoyed some possibility of success. Some of these observers were naturally branded as "Bolshevik agents." Their talk about Soviet economic victories was "propaganda." But serious men of affairs took thought. They heard it repeated over and over, by those who blessed and by those who blamed the Bolsheviks, that unemployment did not exist in Russia. They saw that thousands of American and German engineers had signed contracts with the Kremlin to build mammoth new plants—some of them the largest in the world. Foreign machinery worth millions of dollars was being shipped into the U. S. S. R. for construction purposes. Russia, the starving, the collapsing, the chaotic, began to export large quantities of wheat and other goods. It had obviously become necessary, in view of these facts, to revise the common conception of Soviet affairs.

And then, very suddenly, the world discovered the virtues of planning. Capitalist countries could do just what Russia was doing. The red Columbus had stood the egg on end. Now the bourgeoisie would repeat the stunt, and thereby solve its economic problems.

Today planning is the great vogue. Books on Russia emphasize her challenge to capitalist society. Capitalism accepts the challenge, and proposes to enter the lists with a weapon borrowed from the challenger—with a plan. A British weekly submits a five-year plan for England. President Hoover speaks of a ten-year plan of American industrial progress. Charles A. Beard advocates the establishment of a national economic council, under the authority of Congress, to coordinate the activities of business enterprises in the United States. Lesser publicists echo his views. In August, 1931, a World Planning Congress took place in Amsterdam, and the Soviet delegation, headed by V. Obolensky-Ossinsky, was kept busy for hours answering the delegates' questions about the *Piatiletka.* The British Trade Union Congress, meeting in September, 1931, discussed a resolution favoring national planning.

The Soviet Union is three times as big as the United States and has a larger population. The Five-Year Plan makes provision for every ton of coal mined in that vast domain, for every log cut in its endless forests, for every worker's home built in the frozen north and the semi-tropical south, for every ship that leaves Soviet shores, for every engineer who is graduated from its universities, for every load of bricks manufactured, for every fish hauled from its rivers and seas, and for every dollar realized from the sale of Russian goods in New York, Buenos Aires, and Shanghai. There is no detail of the U. S. S. R.'s economic, social, and cultural life which the *Piatiletka* fails to include. And yet its fundamental idea is simple.

When Henry Ford makes automobiles he has a plan. He knows that for every thousand machines he intends to produce he needs so much metal, so much rubber, so much glass, so much wood, so much leather, so much electricity, and so many workers. If these things are not figured in advance, production cannot proceed smoothly. This is the essence of planned economy. Every manufacturer has a plan; indeed, so has every housewife when she prepares dinner for the family.

Yet there is a tremendous difference between planning in America and planning in Soviet Russia. Capitalist planning is restricted to one factory or, at the most, to one horizontal trust. Beyond that limit the anarchy of capitalism —competition—rules unhampered. The few international cartels which have been tried—the steel cartel, for instance —inevitably break down. The members of the steel cartel regularly exceeded their quotas, that is, failed to fulfil their plan. Fines were imposed, bitterness and friction developed; rivalry, above all, was not eliminated, and finally the cartel ceased to function. The cartel had organized, of course, on a voluntary basis. Ownership was not unified. Hence, among other things, its failure.

Soviet experience demonstrates that economic planning can be effective only if nation-wide and compulsory. Moreover, ownership, not merely control, must be in the hands of the state. Mr. Beard and others assert that the Bolsheviks did not invent planning. "Hints of it," he says in the July *Forum,* "were discovered by Charles Babbage a century ago. There is nothing Russian about its origins." This is absolutely true, and it is this which proves the case against Mr. Beard. If planning is old why did nobody try it before Soviet Russia did? I am sure the capitalists have economists and business directors at least as good as those of the Bolsheviks. Why did not they conceive the idea of planning? The answer is: they did. But planning was not adopted by capitalism simply because it could not be. Planning and capitalism are incompatible. The Bolsheviks, on the other hand, proceeded with a plan from the very beginning—from Lenin's Goelro electricity scheme and the institution of the State Planning Commission in 1921—not because they were so clever, but because it was impossible for them to do anything else. Given government ownership, the government must plan.

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The extent of ownership is decisive. Planning would be defeated in Russia if it did not include all industry, transportation, agriculture, banking, education, and hygiene. Henry Ford plans for one chain of factories. General Motors for another. The two compete, overproduce, and therefore waste. But how does the Five-Year Plan work in the U. S. S. R.?

Any commodity may serve as the starting-point. The Soviet Government decides that it requires a certain volume of grain to feed the population and to export (in order to buy a given number of foreign machines). To produce that grain, so many tractors, combines, and agricultural implements are needed. Their manufacture requires a known quantity of steel. That this steel may be available, the Bolsheviks must explore certain territories for iron ore, must build a definite number of foundries at places near the sources of raw material and near the future market, must mine so much coal, must lay so many kilometers of railway lines, and have available a calculable amount of transportation facilities.

Then the scheme begins to grow even more complicated. The coal for the proposed steel mills is added to the tons necessary to run the railways which will carry it, to the coal for heating purposes, to the coal for other industries. The total is the probable coal tonnage which the nation will consume. To dig that amount of coal, machines and men are necessary. Part of the machines come from domestic factories. Those factories must be planned for. The rest are imported. To pay for them in foreign currency, the government must export so and so much lumber, furs, oil, and so on. The production of these goods must therefore be prearranged.

The State Planning Commission consists of coordinated sections. One division, for instance, plans fuel production. How much oil will Baku, Grozni, Maikop, and Emba yield this year, next year, and next at the planned rate of exploration, boring, and introduction of new methods and machines? How much of this oil can be spared from home use and sold abroad so as to supply the wherewithal for machine imports for the construction of industrial "giants"? That having been determined, how much more fuel is needed in the shape of timber, coal, peat, and power? There should not be too little fuel, and if there is too much in consequence of natural causes such as gushers in the development of new fields, a profitable use must be found for the excess.

The labyrinthine complications of the plan are obviously endless. But anarchy is precluded. There can be no overlapping of production necessitating high-power salesmanship which, as in the United States in 1929, ends with a sharp drop in consumption. Despite the involved and detailed character of the *Piatiletka,* the chaos of capitalist production and consumption does not exist. To be sure, the plan falls down in places because of Russia's backwardness and the inexperience of labor. It would be misleading to create an impression of a perfectly oiled national economy. But the losses from such causes are easily balanced by the gains from the eradication of competition and other forms of waste, such as advertising, for instance. If the Soviets tried to industrialize Russia at the present pace but without a plan they would very likely be bankrupt.

The entire Soviet economic system is, in effect, a horizontal and vertical trust of unprecedented magnitude embracing all phases of production, finance, transportation, and consumption. Is the same thing possible without socialism, without Soviets? Would a plan become feasible if, say, ten syndicates were to control the national economy of any capitalist country? If all automobiles and tractors in the United States could be produced by one capitalist trust, if a single group of capitalists operated all the farms of the country, another all the railways, another the mines, and so on, could not each evolve a perfect plan for its own organization and then meet together to draft a national plan?

Imagine ten such monopolies. Who could gainsay them? Who could control them? They would control the government. Who, then, could enforce loyalty to the plan they adopted? Obviously, their interests might conflict. Who could compel them to produce x units of goods if they wished to produce less or more? Price-fixing would be the essence of the plan. Who could punish offenders? It is difficult to conceive of any state machinery or any private capitalist device or any economic interest which would compel complete subordination to the plan charted by representatives of the ten trusts. The ten-trust situation would be a parallel to the present international political situation, and their planning commission would be a sort of League of Nations. Necessarily, the League's decisions must be unanimous. Cooperation by the great Powers is altogether voluntary. No arm for enforcement has been seriously proposed. A League of Trusts in the United States would be about as efficacious as the Geneva body. Its members would exchange views and perhaps even patents, study one another's contagious economic ills, set up innumerable commissions—and there it would stop.

Monopolies tend to use their privileged position to reduce production and raise prices. The consumer would suffer. Ten autocratic trusts would fix wages at their own pleasure. What strike could bring one of them to its knees? The workers would suffer. Together, those sufferings would make for bad economy and vitiate the plan.

Suppose, however, that instead of ten monopolies there is only one—the state. The government of the United States or Germany or Great Britain acquires every large economic unit, peacefully of course. The result is state capitalism plus private capitalism, for numerous individuals will have received money or bonds from the government in compensation for their property. It requires a very wild fancy to imagine that such a radical cure may be applied in any large country soon enough to solve the present world crisis, or, indeed, at any time in the predictable future. On the face of it, the proposal seems fantastic and comic. But if this revolution without a revolution ever did occur, we should have a government corporation dominated by its large stockholders, the former owners of private companies, and managed by many of the former owners.

This hypothetical development is interesting as a basis for comparison with the national economy of the U. S. S. R. In the first place, there is no dead weight of compensation to ex-owners, no interest to be paid to them or to anybody else. But this is far less important than the position of labor. Capitalist governments have operated and do operate certain industrial enterprises. The workingman's status, however, is not affected. He does not participate in the control or direction of the undertaking.

The two pillars of Socialist planning in Russia are government ownership and the attitude of the workers. The proletariat of the Soviet Union knows that the fruits of its

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toil go partly to it and partly to the state, which, both directly and indirectly, transfers its share back to the population. No special class removes the cream from the earnings of industry. Despite the relatively low wages of today, there is an iron guaranty in the Bolshevik system and in Communist philosophy that all material benefits will be divided, quickly and proportionately, among those who work. Labor works for itself. There is no class in Russia for which it could work. (The capitalists are gone.) This is the secret of the support which bolshevism finds in the Russian proletariat. When things are bad all suffer, but as soon as conditions improve everybody gains. For this reason it is generally assumed in the U. S. S. R. that the future will put no limit on the consumption of a citizen of the Soviet state.

It is this conviction, together with the absence of a capitalist class, which makes the Russian worker regard himself as the owner of national wealth—concretely, of the plant in which he is employed. True, he receives wages, and by that token he is subjected to exploitation, but it is one thing to be exploited by a coal baron in Pennsylvania and another to be exploited by 160,000,000 workers like yourself.

Men and women in Soviet factories, to be sure, work first of all for their wages. It would be unnatural if this were not the primary incentive. They have been working harder since greater differentiation in pay was introduced two months ago. They would work still more if the units or "norms" of pay remained stationary for prolonged periods. But after the financial recompense has played its role, the social incentive creates a further impulse to productivity.

I asked a worker at Dnieperstroi recently whether the dam would really be completed in May, 1932. He declared confidently that he and his friends would see to it. I then inquired what difference it made to him whether the dam was finished on time or not. At first he did not understand the meaning of my queer question. Finally he said: "Why, the country needs more electricity." It is the absence of this spirit and of the social incentive which must defeat any capitalist system of planning, even if it be state planning.

What I Believe*

By EVERETT DEAN MARTIN

WHAT one believes is very important—to the believer. It is so important that most people are unable to keep still about the matter and spend much of their time making propaganda and trying to convert their neighbors. To make a convert to one's belief is a delightful experience. It inflates the ego, gives an added sense of power, convinces the believer that he is right, strengthens his own faith, enables him to claim the future for the triumph of himself and his kind, vindicates him so that his imagination at once leaps to the great day when every knee shall bow and every tongue confess. Our beliefs are the banners we unfurl in the struggle for self-justification and self-realization.

What we believe is important, but to the educator how and why we believe is more important. In my work as a teacher I find that I always have to contend with this matter of belief. Most of our beliefs are acquired irrationally; they have been fostered in us during childhood; they are accepted on authority; they are the result of asserting that things are so merely because we want them to be so; they are often based on prejudice and tribal legend and are maintained as face-saving devices. Most people's beliefs are, psychologically considered, forms of compulsive thinking. Men repeat and hold to their beliefs because they have to do so, and continue in them long after they know they are not true. It is difficult indeed to secure a meeting of minds with a believer. What he wants is a vindication of his principles, not a correction or verification of his hypotheses.

Among the things that I believe there is therefore, first of all, something I have come to believe about believing. There is probably nothing which so distinguishes the trained mind from the untrained as the manner in which each of these minds holds its beliefs. It has often been observed that not only the unbeliefs but the beliefs of the educated would shock the ignorant if they knew them. But the chasm between the two is even wider. Between those who think in order to confirm their faith and vindicate their principles and those who think in order to correct or verify their hypotheses, the spiritual difference is so great that the two can never meet—they belong to different worlds.

Believers commonly take pride in their unteachableness, and assert that their unshakable faith is a form of virtue which should be accounted unto them for righteousness. But I do not see why a man's convictions should be respected unless he has made an honest, courageous effort to ascertain the truth of them. I do not find real steadfastness of spirit in easily acquired and uncritically harbored delusions of infallibility. I have come to feel for the average believer a sense of shame which he apparently does not feel for himself. I am amazed at his intellectual immodesty, for it is usually concerning matters of which we know least that we are in danger of jumping to conclusions and of having the strongest convictions. So it is that most of the things men believe are precisely the subjects concerning which they are least qualified to have an intelligent opinion—the mind and will of the eternal, the origin and meaning and destiny of the universe, the fate of the soul after death, the best good for all possible beings in all possible worlds, the authorship of certain books held to be sacred, the historicity of certain alleged miraculous persons and events of centuries long dead, the solution of the economic problems of modern civilization, the goal of progress, that far-off, divine event toward which the whole creation moves.

To many people it is meritorious to die or kill for the sake of their guesses concerning these and similar "ultimate and sublime things." I do not think so. I regard all such dramatizations of ourselves and the world as psychologically useful—often dangerously pathological—fictions and would judge of their value solely through the attempt to understand the unrecognized psychological purposes which they serve,

* The fourth of a series of articles on this subject by well-known men and women. Others will appear in subsequent issues.—EDITOR THE NATION.

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and the types of men and women whose survival and dominance is encouraged when belief in such fictions prevails in the community. Concerning these and all "ultimate" matters of faith and knowledge I suppose my years of study have made me a skeptic. But I use the term in its etymological sense, not as the word skeptic is commonly used. I have no desire to defend the position of the wretched imaginary "absolute skeptic," the man of straw created by epistemologists and theologians. I do not believe such a skeptic exists. At any rate I am not wretched but happy in my skepticism. I am not a disillusioned realist, or a pessimist, or an egotist, or a misanthrope. I find much challenge and beauty in the world. I find people amusing and often delightful, and to me the life of the spirit is much more real and adventurous since I outgrew the earlier habits of belief. But I no longer worry for fear the universe will go bankrupt if some comforting dogma or illusion should be found untrue, nor do I worry about God or immortality, or the cooperative commonwealth. That is a relief, and it has also somewhat improved my disposition.

If there is any meaning or purpose or higher being or moral preference behind nature as a whole, I suspect the human fancy has put it there. I doubt if we should speak of the universe as a whole, much less what may be behind it, for we certainly cannot know it as such. I think it preposterous that the ultimate realities of existence could be found reducible to or be equivalent with our human forms of thought. With our thinking we may achieve much and make the most important differences in the ways and quality of our living. But the meanings we find in nature are always related to the fact that we are interested spectators. I suspect that our thinking creates those meanings out of the ways in which we associate the facts of nature. Hence our thoughts, even our scientific theories, are not copies of ultimate things, but are conventions, selections, distortions, useful for some particular intellectual interest only. Instead of making a gospel of science, I should regard it as one—perhaps the most fruitful and important—of our human ways of taking the world, of working it up into some sort of intelligible, though inconclusive, system. Science really *teaches* nothing. It is a method of inquiry. It is in this sense that the trained mind holds all its beliefs. Doubt and faith and knowledge are essentially related, and may at any time merge into one another.

In my own belief I can find no hypothesis which it is conceivable I should be unwilling to modify or discard. I am not at all disturbed by the suspicion that all our sublimities and sanctities and forms of knowledge are but human ways of relating ourselves to our world and of making the raw material or possibilities of experience appear to have meaning. I do not, like many disillusioned people, hate God because I have come to doubt His existence. If I can discover no "eternal verities" which it is the privilege of pious contemplation to copy and hold to, I can see that our ways of thinking make enormous differences in how we live and in what we individually become. Although I regard our mathematical truths as in the main tautological, and think that scientific knowledge is a useful and necessary convention, and though I consider all our theological and metaphysical systems to be escape mechanisms, fictions which mankind has sought to substitute for the half-hospitable world of things that happen, I do not despair of knowledge. Perhaps the whole of existence is a vast spiritual drama, but such a supposition does not justify me in the assumption that my anthropoid mental traits can hold the constitution of the universe. I prize knowledge and wisdom because they make a difference between men and animals and between higher men and lower. Whether our distinctions of high and low, good and bad, have any cosmic significance, I do not know. I doubt it. But we can believe that in most situations there is a probable better way and a worse—not a divinely ordered better or a conventionally accepted way, but one of better taste, and better because considered in the light of results. Suppose we say that all our different kinds of wisdom, all our moral systems, all cultures and forms of civilization are but great games men play with destiny, having no other significance than the kind of living made possible within the particular game. It seems to me we have said a lot. I, for one, find in such a statement a key to something in which I can believe whole-heartedly. Since the game men play with destiny means that the game gives their existence a certain tone or quality, it is obvious that men become different beings according to the game of living they play. Then some games and some kinds of men I believe in and some I do not.

But it will be said that my belief is nothing other than my preference of one type of man, one kind of living, over others. Surely that is all any man's fundamental belief really is. Our belief is our basic yes and no, our choice among the possibilities of experience—it is the real answer we give to the riddle of life. Every real answer is an orientation of our whole being toward a certain hierarchy of values—not the repetition of a mere legend which we have secured second hand. Moreover, although what we believe is the same as what we prefer, it is one thing to say that certain things about the cosmos which we can neither know nor change are so just because we prefer them to be so; it is a different thing to believe and prefer where our choice makes a difference in the kind of beings we become. So what I really believe is the same as the kind of living, or type of human being, I prefer. I am, however, tolerant in my faith. I would not try to exterminate or even to convert people of other beliefs —or preferences. It is enough for me that my kind of man be permitted to exist, to be himself, and perhaps feel a little more at home than he usually seems to feel in the land of the Pilgrims' Pride.

I prefer the man of thought to the man of action. In other words, I believe in the value both for the individual and the community of dispassionate, critical, debunking intelligence. I know this faith of mine is out of date in hustling America. I learned it from the teachings of Socrates. By the man of thought I do not mean the idle dreamer or the ineffective pedant. I mean thinking which is an adventure, which is unafraid, and should be for our day what the wisdom of the ages has been in the past. Scientific thinking is all this, but science is highly specialized; it may go along with astounding ignorance of all matters outside the narrow range of the expert's technical knowledge. I mean the thinking which is also self-understanding, which consists of temperate habits of judgment, which frees the mind of infantile wish fancies, cheap sentimentality, and popular prejudice and superstition. I mean the thinking which both widens one's interests and sympathies and is discriminating and critical. I believe the things of the mind should have an importance they have not been given by the American people.

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As a people we have always been somewhat suspicious of intelligence. Democratic dogma of equality becomes popular resentment of intellectual superiority other than that which is manifest in skill, service, and Yankee cunning—qualities common to the herd. Economic opportunity, which from colonial times has stimulated the ambition of plebeians, has tended to substitute vulgar cleverness for culture. There is adroitness in the choice and manipulation of means, with neglect of the consideration of ends. We are alert in responding to external stimuli and are childish, if not barbarian, in the presence of ideas and values. Our evangelical Protestantism with its repeated emphasis on "change of heart" has emphasized right feeling at the expense of right thinking. Our virtue consists of good intentions rather than wisdom. The general result is blatant, rather innocent intellectual shoddiness—a cult of enthusiasm, boasting, lowbrowism, and practical efficiency.

As our life is now organized, it is extremely difficult for the values of civilization to find expression or to survive, except as they can be organized, standardized, and sold to the crowd. Hence the predominance everywhere of the salesman type of man. Now I strongly suspect that the mess the world is in at the present time is largely the result of the precedence of the salesman over the man of thought. A world dominated by sales mentality must necessarily be cheap and tawdry, negligent of finer values and remote ends. It must proceed by pandering to the mob, it must be led by men of second-rate minds. I cannot say that such a way of life inspires in me any profound belief.

I prefer the sincere to the successful person. That is, I believe in a kind of spiritual integrity not easily turned to profit in this commercial age. This does not mean that I prefer the society of failures and vagabonds, nor that I seek consolation for defeat in Christian ideas of asceticism and otherworldliness. There is no a priori reason why sincerity and success should be in conflict, and I know many successful persons whose sincerity I would not question. But I think that what people become is more to be considered than what they can get, and, our mechanistic psychology to the contrary notwithstanding, that what people are within themselves is of greater significance than what they put on the outside. Americans are obsessed with the "go-getter" spirit, and our young people are regaled with success propaganda in most of which I fail to find the slightest comprehension of what sincerity is. In a world of advertising and salesmanship the technique of saying and doing things for effect is so important, and the financial reward for manipulating the public by appealing to its vanity is so great, that our people have developed the fixed habit of systematic and persistent self-deception. He who knowingly deceives others is dishonest. He who deceives himself is insincere.

I prefer the doubter to the devotee. In other words, I believe, so far as it is possible, in minding one's own business, which is to say, although I happen to be a white, Protestant American, I believe in the virtue of tolerance. Doubtless there is no necessary logical relation between doubt and the virtue of tolerance. I should not like to think that men were tolerant merely from lack of conviction. There is, however, a psychological relation, in that people who have become sufficiently civilized to have attained a measure of self-criticism and to have outgrown their delusions of infallibility are usually wise enough to understand that good men may honestly differ. They have outgrown the "all-or-none" feelings of adolescence. They can see that there is more than one right way. Cromwell doubtless had something like this in mind when, in rebuking fanatical Puritans, he admonished them, "Bethink you, brethren, that you may be wrong." The great humanizing influence of classical education derives largely from the fact that in ancient wisdom there is no "Thus saith the Lord." Moreover, one learns from the classical authors that life is manifold, that there are many conflicting goods, all of them relative and human, that there is no absolute standard, and that people who have never heard of the Law and the Prophets or of Anthony Comstock or of Mr. Volstead may be, have been, excellent people, from whom even saints and fundamentalists might learn something. Barbarians, on the other hand, are easily scandalized at those who depart from their own parochial ways or the customs of the tribe. There is usually something unteachable, humorless, barbarous, and childishly egoistic in men of intense conviction. There is also a certain love of cruelty in their natures. They are prepared to sacrifice every humane consideration for the sake of the great cause, frequently only to demonstrate when too late, and among blood stains and smoking ash heaps, that the great cause was a delusion. No doubt it is the devotees who accomplish things, but their main historical achievements seem to have been strife and persecution. I doubt if the life of reason would ever lead one to become a devotee.

Hence I prefer men like Socrates, Lucian, Erasmus, Montaigne, Voltaire—doubters, yes, but mellow and wise and kind and capable of humor. The advance of civilization, the spread of wisdom and culture, the development of the arts and sciences have been made possible chiefly by liberal-minded people of this type, and there is no blood on their hands. Their manners are also much better than those of the devotees; they do not heap coals of fire on my head, they are not unctuous or impertinent or coercive. They do not smother me with protestations of brotherly love. But they respect the personality of their neighbors, enough at least to grant them the privacy of their own thoughts. Perhaps this liberal faith of mine requires my giving up faith in Utopia—since utopianism appears to be monopolized by the devotees—but I had rather live in a world where a Grotius or a Voltaire would not be driven into exile, and a Galileo or a Darwin could do his work without therefor being consigned to prison or hell fire, than to share the cooperative commonwealth with barbarians or live in the kingdom of God with the Inquisition.

Finally, I prefer the mentally mature to those who are content to enter into the kingdom of heaven as little children. I believe that in civilization some minds can and should grow up to their full man's estate. I cannot agree to the proposition that it is necessary to keep all mankind in perpetual infancy in order to protect them from temptation or save their souls. I believe that freedom is necessary and proper for mature spirits. It does not seem wise that all should be kept under tutelage because many have never grown up, nor that those whose development is arrested should legislate for those of advanced mental age merely because the former are more numerous. I understand that for men and women to attain and exercise self-direction is dangerous, and that once this is permitted to reasonable people, many fools, to the destruction of themselves and the menace of

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others, will claim the privileges of the wise. But I think a fool-proof order of society is disgenic in that it fails to permit the self-elimination of the unfit and encourages their number to multiply and overrun the earth. I take it that the proper aim both of our liberal education and of our modern secular civilization is to encourage as many persons as can to grow up mentally. By maturity I mean the gradual emancipation of the individual from psychological servitude to parental imagery and the bullying of the herd. I mean ceasing to try to answer the demands of adult living by resort to filial attitudes, sentimental gestures and ceremonies, or adolescent self-idealization. I mean learning to live philosophically and in our own right, staking our destiny on unaided natural human intelligence and courage. I mean the guidance of what Aristotle called "right reason," the attainment of "measure," or perspective, in one's personality. I mean the ability to face realities free of myth, dogma, and illusion, ability to deal with situations not in obedience to some imaginary higher will or irrelevant or fictitious reward or punishment, but in obedience to the demands of the situation intelligently considered and with full personal responsibility for the results of what one thinks and does. Such a mature person will possess the ancient virtues of wisdom, courage, temperance, and justice—inasmuch as these virtues belong to and characterize the state of manhood.

To attain such freedom and maturity is, I believe, the true aim of modern education. Hence he who would educate himself or aid in the education of others must be ever on guard against the agencies which are designed to keep people in retarded infantilism. There are at least three such agencies. First, the crowd, which insists on conformity, discouraging maturity lest the attainment of self-government disintegrate the crowd and challenge its tyranny over its members and others. Second, there are the relics of barbarism still surviving in our midst. Civilization is and always has been ever in conflict with barbarism. Barbarism would substitute for the reasoned forms of civilization the life of nature and of undisciplined impulse. Civilization does not, like ascetic religions, demand the negation of nature. It is the improvement on nature, the direction of its processes to desirable ends, giving nature human meanings and values. This is precisely what happens to human nature as it develops and matures in civilization. Finally, among the agencies striving to continue infantile attitudes in adult life is organized religion. Here the tendency is ever to perpetuate child-like sentiments, simple faith, credulity, dependence, obedience to authority and commandment, to confuse recognition of reality with myth and dogma, and to soften responsibility with ideas of repentance, forgiveness, and vicarious atonement.

I find the work of liberal education frequently discouraged by these and other forms of militant infantilism. Hence the slow progress it is making, hence its easy diversion into athletics, propaganda, vocational training. But I believe in education, and now I realize that throughout this statement of faith I have done little more than briefly describe my idea of an educated person. I have no gospel or Utopia or creed or cult. I expect no magic redemption of the human race. The beatific state for which we long we must ourselves create. Perhaps in some future we may be wise enough greatly to improve our human lot. But we must first create something in and out of ourselves. And not until we grow up shall we know what really to desire. Whatever be the progress of civilization, whatever the constitution or material advantages of the society of the future, its meaning will be realized in the kind of human beings who grow up in it. Skeptical as I am of the things on which most men pin their faith, I believe that a kind of cultivated human personality is possible, whose existence justifies the effort to attain it.

The White House Magicians

I. Prosperity Invocations*

By W. P. MANGOLD

"I CAN call spirits from the vasty deep," boasts Owen Glendower in Shakespeare's "Henry IV." "Why so can I," retorts Hotspur, "or so can any man; but will they come when you do call for them?" It is hardly surprising, as the New York *World* observed over a year ago, that business men, after listening to the endless optimistic promises emanating from Washington, "have at last been driven into the skeptical attitude of Hotspur." They have observed President Hoover and his officials, in a manner curiously reminiscent of Owen Glendower, trying to conjure up the genie of prosperity by invocations at the White House. Running through the files of the New York *Times*, one finds the record of a hundred or more Pollyanna pronouncements intoned by the Administration since the fall of 1929, when Republican prosperity was last seen disappearing rapidly round the corner of Broad and Wall streets, headed for a destination which even today remains a mystery. One might suppose that the ill success of these numerous forecasts during the past two years would have made even the Administration magicians somewhat chary in the further use of this particular brand of magic. It must be remembered, however, that they have the best of Republican precedent to justify their faith. They have the alluring example of how well the formula worked for Mr. Coolidge in 1927 and 1928, when the nervous markets of those years always took on more courage (and inflation) to the timely, reassuring words of Cal and Andy. No doubt they reflect sadly on those years and hope that in time the magic will work equally well for them. Accordingly we find Secretary Doak predicting in his Labor Day address at Johnson City, Tennessee, that "before long" the United States will stand once more upon "the substantial plane of prosperity."

In the fall of 1929 the tenor of the White House conjurations was to deny that anything was wrong. Even be-

* Part II, which will appear next week, will discuss the Administration's pronouncements on wages and unemployment.—Editor The Nation.

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fore the market crash, the charms were set to work. With brokers' loans mounting sky-high, the Federal Reserve Board announced on October 14 that the amount outstanding on September 25 had jumped $800,000,000 above the level at the end of July. This made a total of $6,761,000,000 as compared with the present total of around $1,000,000,000. When the market reacted to this bit of unpleasant news, Secretary Lamont came to its support, denying rumors that a severe depression in business was impending. These rumors, he said, were based on a "mistaken interpretation" of the Federal Reserve statement. Similarly, ten days later, after the market had experienced its first severe break, the New York *Times* reported that one of the highest officials of the Treasury (who would not be quoted) "expressed the opinion that the break would not prove disastrous to business and the prosperity of the country, and argued that if business remained good, stock prices would become stabilized after the bear movement had run its course and would work their way up again." And on the following day President Hoover said, "The fundamental business of the country is on a sound and prosperous basis."

Reassuring as this was, it did not stop the precipitous drop of securities on October 29. In a radio address that evening Dr. Julius Klein, Assistant Secretary of Commerce, expressed the opinion that "a decline in security prices does not greatly affect the buying power of the community. . . . All of us are justified . . . in a profound confidence in the general economic future of the country . . . the industrial and commercial structure of the nation is sound." Hadn't per capita production, he reasoned, "increased by from 50 to 75 per cent since 1900 and from 25 to 35 per cent since 1919 . . . a year of high activity" and wouldn't it continue upward? Why, certainly. He believed, of course, that it would be "quite improper" for him to say precisely what relation should exist between his confidence in the industrial future and an individual's attitude toward the stock market. But just remember this: "I fully believe that the causes which have brought about this great advance will accomplish as much during the next decade or next quarter of a century." How many, one wonders, bought stocks the next day to get in early on the next "great advance"? On the radio again five days later Dr. Klein revealed that he himself had been apprehensive with respect to the course of security prices on October 29, but "since that time, happily, we have come to see more clearly that the stock market is not the principal barometer of business, and that our American prosperity is deeply and firmly rooted."

On November 4 Secretary Lamont was sure that "the only possible effect the recent fluctuations of the stock market will have upon general business will be to curtail the buying power, especially of luxuries, of those who suffered losses in the market crash." The next week saw security values, as represented by the Dow-Jones averages, sag to 195, one-half what they had been only two months before. So with the evil "bears" steadily gaining ground and the blue chips of American industry steadily losing it, President Hoover announced that he would call the nation's industrial leaders to Washington to organize the country's morale. For, said he, "any lack of confidence in the economic future or the basic strength of business in the United States is foolish." After his meeting with the business leaders on November 21 the President reported that "the general situation was canvassed and it was the unanimous opinion of the conference that there was no reason why business should not be carried on as usual."

Lest this seem not convincing enough, or the industrial meetings be misinterpreted, Dr. Klein explained on November 24 that the White House conferences had not been called to alleviate any "let-down" in business, because obviously there had been no let-down of any consequence. American business, he added, was "healthy and vigorous and promises to be more so," while the "eager, loyal cooperation evidenced so splendidly by American business men" in their talks with the President was nothing less than a certificate for "prosperity insurance." Through these measures of voluntary cooperation, said Mr. Hoover on December 3, "we have reestablished confidence. Wages should remain stable. A very large degree of industrial unemployment which would otherwise have occurred has been prevented." The following day Secretary of the Treasury Mellon drew an equally encouraging picture in his estimates of income taxes to be received in the fiscal years 1930 and 1931. For 1931 he estimated a Treasury surplus of $122,788,966!* To sweep away any clouds that might be lingering on the horizon, Dr. Julius Klein contributed a feature article to the New York *Times* of December 15 in which he dealt at length with the causes and bases of the "present prosperity." And after a conference with President Hoover on December 28 Secretary Lamont was satisfied with the "lack of unfavorable reaction of general business conditions to the recent stock-market crash." In his opinion, "the general high level of business in December was, in the main, as high as a year ago."

This brings us to the beginning of 1930. At the turn of the year Mr. Mellon said, "I have every confidence that there will be a revival of activity in the spring and that during the coming year the country will make steady progress." So, too, Secretary Lamont, who said, "The nature of the economic disposition of the United States is such that one may confidently predict, for the long run, a continuance of prosperity and progress." So, too, Secretary of Labor Davis, who regarded the determination of President Hoover to stabilize business as in itself "almost a guaranty that we shall experience a gradual and healthful improvement along the whole line of productive endeavor in 1930." And likewise Dr. Klein, who said in a radio address on January 5, "My own conviction is that we are justified in feeling an abiding, if perhaps not an exuberant, optimism."

At this point the record becomes slightly confused. "We're going to have some rough sledding," said Dr. Klein on January 10, "but I believe that the turn will come about March or April for the country as a whole." Dr. Klein must have made a slip, for three days later Mr. Lamont reported that, while he did not have precise figures, an inspection of thirty to forty items in a survey by the Department of Commerce revealed conditions to be "very satisfactory" and the outlook "generally good." On February 10 he reported further that there was "nothing in the business situation to be disturbed about." To him it looked as though this was about a "normal year." But a few weeks later, on March 3, we find him admitting, of all things, a note of concern. "My own opinion," he said, "is that during the forepart of this year American industrial enterprise

* The fiscal year ended with a *deficit* of $903,000,000.—Editor The Nation.

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has had inevitably to slow down." He predicted, however, that "within two months . . . as weather conditions moderate we are likely to find the country as a whole enjoying its wonted state of prosperity." On March 8 President Hoover uttered his famous prediction that the crisis would be over in "sixty days." With the time limit for these predictions nearing expiration, Mr. Lamont observed on May 19 that "business operations in the United States, as they are variously expressed, are about 6 per cent below what might be considered normal." Undaunted by his earlier failures, the Secretary of Commerce predicted once more that, if the present tendencies in business continued, "normal conditions should be restored in two or three months." Thus the depression which was denied in February, but which was admitted in March and was to be ended in May, was extended to the middle of July or August.

But Prophet Lamont was not alone in his predictions. On May 1, before the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, President Hoover asserted: "We have now passed the worst and with continued unity of effort we shall rapidly recover. There is one certainty in the future of a people of the resources, intelligence, and character of the people of the United States—that is prosperity." The stock market responded to this bullish tip with the severest decline since the November slump. On May 21 Dr. Klein told the Advertising Federation of America that business was "gradually but unmistakably coming out of the depression," and a week later he announced that "a healthy revival of business by the end of the summer may be expected." A month later, on June 28, Secretary Davis was not sure the recovery would be quite so rapid as all that, but he did agree that there was "no question that it has started." "We can look for reasonable prosperity," he said, "within the next year." On August 8 he saw the "mental and material resources of this great country of ours . . . already swinging us on the road to recovery."

For perspective's sake it may be interesting to note at this point that the *Annalist* index of business activity registered a steady decline each month during 1930 with the exception of a slight upturn in April. For August it stood at 83 as compared with 95 in January and 108 in August of the previous year. And the *Annalist* weekly index of wholesale commodity prices recorded a similarly drastic decline. For August it was 123 as compared with 140 for January and about 150 in August, 1929. But with business and commodities going down the toboggan, the seers in and about the White House saw other things.

Starting his campaign for United States Senator at a welcome-home party in Sharon, Pennsylvania, Secretary Davis predicted on August 23 that the depression "was rapidly drawing to a close." Five days later he was pointing to "definite signs" that the period of business reaction was "gradually passing." It was "plain to the eye," this "new start of life in the paralyzed business body." And on September 11, still more emphatically, "I repeat that we have hit the bottom and are on the upswing." On September 22 we hear from Secretary Lamont again. His own promissory note for prosperity had expired—let's see, July or August, wasn't it? Yet the best he could say toward the end of September was that "business on the whole has ceased the marked decline which was characteristic of a number of earlier months," and that he did see "some distinctly encouraging features." Four days later Dr. Klein believed there was "a fairly good chance" that the United States would be out of the depression by the "end of October." This prediction supported Dr. Klein's own encouraging words in an article he contributed to the September issue of the *American Magazine*. "The signs are unmistakable," he wrote, "that we are about to move out of the abyss of depression . . . it is not too much to expect that by early fall the upward trail will have passed over the first ridge to a plateau of brighter prospects."

President Hoover also wanted to be reassuring before the elections. In his address to the American Bankers' Association on October 2 he asserted that the depression was "but a temporary halt in the prosperity of a great people." The trouble, as he saw it, was caused by "unnecessary fears and pessimism, the result of which is to slacken the consumption of goods and discourage enterprise." He could see no reason for a slump in consumption, since "the income of a large part of our people is not reduced by the depression." Now if the President had said that the "large income of part of our people is not reduced," the statement would have been considerably more persuasive. For ironically enough the New York *Times* of the day before had reported that dividends on securities declared in the first nine months of 1930 totaled $3,621,104,457—an increase of approximately $600,000,000 over the amount declared in the same period of 1929. In contrast to this, the income of the "large part of our people"—the workers—was estimated by *Standard Statistics*, a reliable source, to be nearly $9,000,000,000 under the 1929 level, a drop of roughly 20 per cent.

At this point we have some interesting efforts by Dr. Klein and Mr. Julius Barnes, chairman of the National Business Survey Conference appointed at Mr. Hoover's direction, to stabilize commodity prices. On October 4 Dr. Klein thought it was about time "to assume both by the calendar period and by the price level now attained that the end" was approaching "to this process of shrinking values." On the same day Mr. Barnes believed that the bottom had been reached "in the decline of commodity prices." Two months later President Hoover helped the stabilization by observing in his message to Congress on December 3 that "price levels of major commodities have remained approximately stable for some time." It need hardly be added that commodity prices paid almost as little attention to these comforting words as they did to Dr. Klein's calendar period. Whereas the *Annalist* index stood at 121.7 in October, it stood at 116.6 in December; and at present it is at 101.

"There are many factors which give encouragement for the future," said the President to Congress on December 2. "We have already weathered the worst of the storm and signs of stability and recovery are already appearing," said Secretary Lamont five days later. And on December 29 Dr. Klein predicted that "during the opening months of the new year, conditions will steadily improve all along the business front." There was "every indication" of this upswing, he said. These indications were somewhat obscured, however, two days later for Mr. Lamont. "It is impossible," he said, "to forecast at what time unmistakable evidence of improvement in business will occur. . . ." But while it was impossible to forecast, as Mr. Lamont said, it was clear to him that we had "reached a point where cessation of further

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declines and beginning of recovery may . . . be expected."

Then comes an inexplicable silence. No upswing is proclaimed for nearly three months—until March 18, 1931, when Dr. Klein reports "pretty good" evidence that "an appreciable degree of recovery is in sight. In all conservatism it seems likely that activity in the second quarter of the present year will slightly exceed that of the first quarter and that business in the fall will be unmistakably on the upgrade." On April 29 Mr. Lamont saw trade reviving slowly. "The corrective influences," according to the Secretary, "had been at work for many months" and business was "responding sluggishly to the stimulus." The idea of sluggishness did not appeal to Dr. Klein, however, when he addressed the Radio Manufacturers' Association on June 9. "Because of the prolonged, gradual descent," he reasoned, "there are indications that the ascent will be sharply accelerated." Further: ". . . the bottom of the depression was hit in January, according to five of the leading indices. . . . We are now in a valley. But the depression has ended. The valley usually runs across six or seven months. If history repeats itself this means that in July up we go." Unfortunately, history did not repeat itself for Dr. Klein. His sharply accelerated ascent is now more than sixty days overdue, while business activity, unaware that it was supposed to have hit bottom many months ago, has proceeded to descend ever more deeply into the depression. It will soon be time to proclaim the bottom of a new valley. We have faith in Dr. Klein.

Religion and the Lost Leadership

By BENJAMIN GINZBURG

THIS year's Labor Day message of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America called boldly upon the churches to demand fundamental changes in the present economic order and to assert "their rightful place of ethical leadership." The document is by far the most courageous that has come from official church councils, and it stands out in remarkable contrast to the opportunism which characterized the Pope's recent encyclical on labor and social questions. The commission which wrote the message does not hesitate to denounce the distributive workings of the capitalistic system, and so far from giving an apostolic blessing to "rugged individualism" calls definitely for the control of the money-making spirit which amasses property without regard to social consequences.

Radical and courageous as the document is, it none the less raises questions of another order. Just what is the connection of organized religion with leadership in social justice? It is rather noteworthy that while the message points to the problem of the distribution of wealth as "a problem of brotherhood and therefore of particular concern to religion," yet none of the proposals it puts forward is derived directly from religious sources, but rather from the writings of secular economists and reformers. Indeed, it may be said that the whole modern movement for social Christianity came into the churches not as part of the internal development of religious doctrines, but as an external attempt to vitalize the decaying church institution through the introduction of interests and problems that had grown up in the world outside. The connection between religion and social justice is today as extrinsic as, for example, the connection between religion and physical gymnasiums. In both cases we have secular interests used to bolster up the waning appeal of religion—sideshows to draw people into the church rather than new manifestations of the religious spirit. And as sideshows, gymnasium classes are likely to prove more successful because they will never clash with vested interests.

At several moments in the world's history the religious institution assumed the spiritual leadership of society. One of these occasions was the prophetic period in the old Jewish monarchy, when prophets, maintained by the state, could denounce the policies of the king and his advisers and escape punishment if their prophetic signs were verified. Another and vastly different occasion was the period of Christ and John the Baptist, when in the midst of the universal decay of civil society the religious spirit was exercised in preaching the sanctuary of hope and an inner kingdom of God. The third significant period is of course that of the medieval dominion of the Catholic church, although the church at that time constituted more of a superstate with paternalistic intentions than an organ for dynamic spiritual leadership in social affairs.

Take away such periods and the glamor of the religious institution disappears. The usual level of functioning of the religious institution has been the type of commerce with the supernatural which is so eloquently satirized in Plato's dialogue "Euthyphro." Instead of providing a cosmic vision and a sense of direction for practical human affairs, the religious institution has ministered to religion for the sake of religion—attending to the gods who require no attention, as Socrates put it. Today, for example, the American people spend $817,000,000 a year for purposes of religious worship. It is a large sum, but the price would be none too much if it actually gave us a sense of values and social vision in these disordered times. On what is the money actually spent, however? Most of the money goes directly or indirectly for Sunday sermons which do nothing but vainly defend an antiquated conception of God and assure immortality to persons who are afraid of death.

Granted that it is part of the function of spiritual leadership to formulate and demonstrate a spiritual conception of the universe, prior to drawing concrete applications in practical life, it is yet a sinful waste of money to intrust the demonstration of the existence of God to the churches. The effect of the $817,000,000 spent in the name of religion is actually to promote atheism! For nothing so stands in the way of a general acceptance of the spiritual conception of the universe—the conception of a Plato or a Spinoza—as its psychological association with the bankrupt outlook of institutional religion. The spread of science has never made half as many atheists as the stupid defenses of a religion that has no meaning in terms of modern life.

For institutional religion to blossom again into spiritual

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leadership of society (and not merely to advocate borrowed social doctrines), there are required intellectual and sociological conditions which can no longer be found today. Some people seem to think that all they need to do is to use the quantum theory to demonstrate the existence of God and they will at once have a revival of religion and religious leadership. But it is not a question of demonstrating God, it is a question of the kind of God that is demonstrated. For the priest and pastor to function as leaders of society, there is required the conception of God as legislator, a God whose commands and authority are revealed and delegated to special persons. This view of God is no longer credited even by church members, let alone those outside the church. Let a minister try to tell a member of his congregation how to run his business, under penalty of excommunication, and see what happens. If church members accept the Biblical idea of God, it is only on condition that it should not receive practical expression in their daily life.

In short, whatever be the truth about the nature of the universe and human destiny, and whatever be the truth about the religious intuition itself, the day of social leadership in the name of religious authority is gone beyond recall. In place of the paternalistic moral leadership which religion has lost, our problem today is to perfect a democratic direction of society through proper division of functions between the institutions of the state and the freedom of individual judgment—the state providing the mechanism for established values, and the individual play of ideas providing the creative fire for new values. It would be unfortunate if the promising start we have made in this direction should be wrecked by the cynical sabotage of vested economic interests, which has blocked the socialization of industry now long overdue.

In the Driftway

FROM a friend of a friend of his the Drifter has received a communication which he is pleased to put before his readers. He does not vouch for the authenticity of this letter, although it was given to him in good faith with the added information that it was written just a hundred years ago. But the sentiments are unexceptionable. Obviously, if the members of the Quaker persuasion had adhered strictly to this point of view, and had, moreover, been permitted to rule the country, there is reason to doubt that our present troubles would be upon us. The President of the United States, as even the Drifter knows, was a Quaker in his youth, but he has long since wandered to other fields. Here is the letter:

ESTEEMED FRIEND: I send my brother Jonathan to be under thy care this winter while he learns the store business. I know thee will be a faithful guardian, and though it grieveth me to unveil his faults, I must disclose them for thy friendly correction. I have discovered in the lad a worldly spirit—having heard him imitate the unprofitable forms of the light folk of our town, even to saying *Mr.* Smith to old Francis Smith. And though only sixteen years old, he boldly and audaciously directed the woman who maketh his garments to alter their shape—these are bad signs, but I hope thee will prune away these sprouts of evil and curb these longings after vanity. In other matters thee will find the lad obedient and correct.

I send thee, Daniel, a present of a hat which I hope thee will find good enough, as my deceased brother Casper wore it six years.

Mary Ann Pike was at meeting last fifth day with a red ribbon in her hat—this caused great excitement. Friends will deal with her and try to uproot such evil spirit which flames in her heart. Everybody is sorry on account of her Aunt Tabitha, that model of righteousness, who will not let even a red rose grow in her garden.

I hope thee and thy family are well. I myself have been troubled with an ague but a dose of boneset will set me up.

I shall be pleased to hear how brother Jonathan conducts himself. We do not mean to put him upon thee without compensation; we are willing to pay a liberal board, say, $1.50 a week, deducting 25 cents when he eats dinner with his Uncle Joshua.

Wishing thee well, and all thy family,

[Signed] PATIENCE WISE

* * * * *

NOTE the economics of this letter. The hat that had been worn six years but was still thought to be good enough; the amount set for board, presumably to cover twenty-one meals a week, with 25 cents, or 16 per cent, deducted for any meal taken elsewhere. Is this, or is it not, the sort of planned economy which averts depressions and maintains the gold standard indefinitely? The unimpeachable morals, of course, need no comment: no red roses, no garments altered for frivolous reasons, above all, no setting of oneself above one's fellows or bestowing honorifics upon honest men. All men are equal, to be sure, but the Drifter takes off his hat to Patience Wise.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The Influence of Godkin

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I was glad to see your commemoration of Godkin's centenary. While the number of his immediate readers was relatively small, he reached, through his formative influence on the opinions of other editors, an audience far larger and more nearly national than any single journal could directly address. This was due as well to his acknowledged integrity and independence as to his intellectual and moral appeal. Singularly clear in his perceptions, his opinions on public questions reflected certain fundamental principles and ideals which he cherished with all the intensity of a faith. In the field of politics and government, probably his most notable contributions were those to the causes of sound money and a reformed civil service. The influence he exerted in the realm of letters was of the first order. In economics he belonged to the school of Cobden, and, like Cobden, regarded democracy and imperialism as essentially antagonistic forces. The fact is well known that the war with Spain came to him as a bitter disappointment, shattering many of his hopes and creating evil forebodings for the future. He afterwards took up his abode in London, only to find himself soon in the midst of the Boer War. Unable to stem the general drift, he refused to go with it. Taking the world as it is today, it is not probable that Godkin, were he now alive, would be inclined to renounce or to modify the faith which he so steadily maintained. I write as one who knew him.

JOHN BASSETT MOORE

Sagapowack, N. Y., October 5.

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Antiseptic Reading

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The rules and regulations governing the reading of the works of Havelock Ellis and other sexologists in the Library of Congress in Washington fill one with dismay by the difficulty of compliance. The Delta Collection, containing all literature pertaining to sex, is not available after 4 p.m. This rule, presumably designed for the protection of the plastic minds of high-school students, effectively prevents the thousands of adults who use the library at night from reading this literature.

One day at 3 p.m. I sent in a request for the first volume of Ellis's "Studies in the Psychology of Sex." The slip was returned. I asked the clerk for an explanation. Noticing the nature of the book requested, he asked me to wait a moment until he called the director of the reading-room. In a few minutes the director appeared, and, apparently satisfied that I was not a curious adolescent or mental eccentric, he obtained the prized volume. He was willing to give the book to me on three conditions. First, I must return it only to him. Second, I must let nobody else read it. Third, I must read it in a segregated section. Nodding in compliance, I was led off to my seat in that section. Here, in company with other eccentrics, I read my Ellis in contentment.

Washington, August 21 Robert Shosteck

Mexico—a Correction

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In *The Nation* of September 16 the statement is made that Mexico was prevented from joining the League of Nations in 1919 on account of President Wilson's animosity to President de la Huerta over the oil question. Whatever reasons may have occasioned Mr. Wilson's opposition toward Mexico's entering the League of Nations at that time, it was not on account of de la Huerta. The president of Mexico in 1919 was Carranza, who had been president since 1915, when he was recognized by the Wilson Administration. Carranza continued as president until the revolt led by Obregón in May, 1920, when de la Huerta became provisional president of Mexico.

New York, September 10 Schuyler N. Warren, Jr.

We Humbly Apologize

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I think that you must have been suffering mental lethargy when you dropped so low as to quote the Reverend Cortland Myers, in a recent editorial paragraph, as representative of the better thought of the American pulpit. How much wiser and more comprehensive it would have been for you to quote and comment upon the statement of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, prepared for Labor Day, 1931. At least, be fair with the church and the ministry and less zealous about heralding one of your obsessions: nothing good can come out of the church.

I readily admit that Dr. Myers's remarks did not evidence "originality" or "profundity," and neither did your trite method of defending a cherished fallacy. I had thought *The Nation* would frown upon such tactics and I hope that you will be superior to them in the future.

Joseph W. Reeves

South Dartmouth, Mass., September 22

Finance

"Broadening" the Reserve Banks

In the chorus of popular approval which has greeted Mr. Hoover's proposals for breaking the credit jam and restoring confidence in hard-pressed banks, the voices which express misgiving over the plan to "broaden" the lending powers of the Federal Reserve Banks have been few and faint. Some of the bankers attending the Atlantic City convention of the American Bankers' Association last week were reported to be opposed to this measure, but detailed criticism was lacking.

At this writing the bill which the Senate Banking and Currency Committee is considering, the effect of which (if enacted) will be to admit to the Federal Reserve rediscount privilege certain classes of bank assets now excluded, is not available. Comment upon it must therefore be restricted to the observation that the Reserve Banks already are empowered to rediscount all those classes of paper which generally fall under the headings of "commercial," "short-term," and "self-liquidating." Any extension of the list would apparently introduce into the Reserve Bank portfolios types of securities which, in the tradition and science of banking, have no business there.

Wall Street has fought for a "liberalized" basis of rediscounting in boom times, on the ground that there was not enough money to finance the country's legitimate business—dealings in stocks and bonds at fantastic prices being included in that category. Wall Street may be expected to fight for the provision now on the ground that an emergency confronts us. But under whatever restrictions new types of securities are admitted to rediscount, a wedge will have been driven into the banking structure which can be driven farther under the force of future circumstances and propaganda. If the Reserve Banks were powerless to prevent inflation in 1929, when investment securities were excluded from their holdings, one may well despair of their powers of repression when the law authorizes —or requires—them to take in the stuff of which stock-market orgies are made.

At the present moment, when millions of workers are out of jobs, when the security markets are prostrate, and when the government itself is constrained to do something to restore confidence, it is difficult indeed to defend the pile of idle treasure in the Reserve Banks, and to insist—on what must look like academic grounds—that it be held inviolate. Yet every consideration of prudence demands that searching analysis be applied to the matter before a change is made. One hesitates to imagine the consequences of our next financial panic, if the country's ultimate banking reserve is largely tied up in unmarketable securities. And what is to be said of New York's ambition to become the world's great money market, if the banking resources on which such a market must rest are to a substantial degree employed in financing securities instead of goods?

By the time the proposed amendment comes up in Congress it may be that the present financial emergency will have subsided to a point which will encourage the defenders of sound money to speak their minds emphatically. If something must be done with the banking law—and it is quite possible that something should be done—it might be worth while to suggest placing in the hands of a wisely constituted Federal Reserve Board a club of iron to beat down inflationist tendencies when they first become manifest. The highest type of banking opinion —Wall Street opinion at that—could be quoted to support this view. Whoever stops the next stock-market boom before it gets out of hand will deserve well of his country.

S. Palmer Harman

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Books, Drama, Music

After-Comer

By LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

The stalk is withered and the leaf is cast;
Brown stubble under heel rings hard as flint,
While dusk's irresolute silver lays a glint
Of ice on waters quieted at last.
Now in the cavernous night the least sound makes
A twofold loneliness of earth and sky,
As homeless winds return again to sigh
Among the sumac and the rusty brakes.

If we could share the bronze and marble pause
These hills resume, the sculptured sleep whereto
The harvest-heavy land at length withdraws,
We might securely dream the winter through,
Letting that After-Comer pass unseen,
Whose shrouded fields are not for us to glean.

Genius and Insanity

The Psychology of Men of Genius. By Ernst Kretschmer. Translated with an Introduction by R. B. Cattell. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $4.50.

THE belief that genius and madness are somehow related is at least as old as Aristotle and as new as psychoanalysis. It is also a belief firmly fixed in the popular mind as well as confidently held by a considerable number of special students, and yet, in the very nature of things, it is one difficult either to support or to destroy by genuinely scientific methods. What we should need would be dependable criteria for both "genius" and "madness" used as the basis for a statistical correlation between the two; what we get are necessarily vague definitions and a more or less random selection of examples which it is all too easy to choose so as to illustrate a point. Probably the very ancient connotations of the word "genius" itself lead us to grant it as a title more readily to those who amaze us by their eccentricities as well as by their works than to those who in most respects seem more like ourselves. And yet neither Shakespeare nor Milton nor Fielding appears to have been conspicuously "queer," though each was a genius by almost any definition. Are they exceptions which "prove" or disprove the rule?

Kretschmer's book, though the work of a very distinguished psychologist, cannot be completely defended against any of the objections suggested. Based upon a series of semi-popular lectures and consisting largely of generalized conclusions, it quite possibly omits some of the statistical material upon which the conclusions are founded, but well and persuasively though it is written, one is inclined periodically to inquire just to what extent its theories can claim to occupy a plane higher than that of acute though not scientifically controlled speculation. One cannot but wonder why, for example, Robert Mayer (an early propounder of the theory of the mechanical equivalent of heat) was selected as the scientist to be analyzed in preference to James Joule, to whom this same theory is more usually attributed. Was Mayer really the greater genius, or was he merely the more obviously unstable?

To this Kretschmer would probably reply that he nowhere maintains that a man's genius is *proportionate* to his instability, and his theories are undoubtedly moderate, consistent, and, at the least, highly suggestive. Since genius represents a marked variation from the normal, there would be nothing which ought to call for surprise in the discovery either that genius is most likely to occur in families unstable enough to vary in both directions from the norm or that in the individual himself this variability should imply both the coexistence of superiorities with inferiorities and a certain predisposition to genuine derangement. Kretschmer believes that all this can actually be demonstrated, and he believes still further that investigation has enabled him to show that instability of this valuable kind is especially likely to arise under certain conditions—notably under those produced when two superior but very different biological strains are crossed.

Talent—by which is meant a superior capacity for doing usual or traditional things—he believes to be inherited. But mere talent can never be anything more for the very reason that it is too balanced to produce the novel. Something must disturb its equilibrium, and this something is most commonly provided when for one reason or another two talents each trained in entirely different traditions are crossed, as they are when, for example, the best families on two sides of a national borderline intermarry. "Cross-breeding produces inner opposites, emotional strains, plasticity of intellect, and unevenness of mood, all of which dispose to genius—and to psychopathic complications." Mere heterogeneous intermarriage will not do, because there is then a random admixture of the inferior with the talented, but neither is there any justification for the theory that there is anything inherently superior about the Nordic or the Latin races. Indeed, "the production of genius, in Germany at least, is just about inversely related to the degree of purity and firmness of establishment of the population." All the unstable are not geniuses but all (or nearly all) geniuses are unstable, and what is needed for the production of that kind of instability is the conflict which arises between two *different* talents.

The theory is ingenious and entertaining even if not exactly proved to the hilt, and at least one other thing may be said of it—namely, that it would, if accepted, serve to resolve the paradox in the popular and quasi-scientific belief that the genius and the madman are kin. *If* it is really true that they are, *if* the great man is usually both inferior and superior; then Kretschmer's is a very good explanation of why this should be, and why the insanity of the genius is no reason for doubting—as some of us at moments always do doubt—the value of his contribution. Rousseau's ideas on political economy may still be worth listening to even if he did go about all his life conscious of an eager desire to be spanked.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Garland of the Academy

Companions on the Trail. By Hamlin Garland. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

"COMPANIONS ON THE TRAIL," sixth volume in Hamlin Garland's chronicle of himself and his family, covers the period from 1900 to 1917, concentrating on his literary life and his experiences in the world of art and letters. It is the dullest of the six, partly because it introduces —without sufficient variation to warrant the repetition—material already presented in earlier volumes, but chiefly because many of the incidents it describes are trivial and are narrated with merciless prolixity. Nevertheless, like "Roadside Meetings," though less notably, it brings before us, in a curiously matter-of-fact and therefore revealing way, some of the most interesting men and women of our times.

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We see, for example—not once but again and again—Frank Norris, Henry B. Fuller, Edwin Markham, Edward MacDowell, and Theodore Roosevelt. We observe the conduct of visiting celebrities such as Arnold Bennett and hesitantly returning exiles such as Henry James. We catch glimpses of Robert Herrick, Ellen Glasgow, Francis Hackett, Vachel Lindsay, and dozens more. We see—melancholy spectacle!—the sad old men: Mark Twain, "a small, hesitant, white-haired gentleman" with "a growing sense of his own failing fires"; Stedman, bored and querulous, "sick, restless, and unhappy"; Howells, sad "beneath his cheerful exterior," slipping to decay with untied shoes and an unbrushed coat; Aldrich, "old and fat and florid with food and drink." Scores of familiar names figure in the book—reprehensibly unindexed—and there is a certain amount of material not directly connected with the arts: Garland's visits to the Indians, for example, and his psychic experiences. (Is it, by the way, with the latter that we should class his statement that at a dinner at Stedman's in 1902 he met Emily Dickinson—"in a very smart gown"?)

All this is interesting, but the book also has value as a document in the case history of its author. In the late eighties and early nineties Hamlin Garland was a literary rebel, an ardent single-taxer, and an active worker for populism. Fresh from the soil of the Middle Border, only just released from the plow and the stable, with the lives of his parents and their neighbors before him as proof of the bitter lot of the pioneer, he wrote some of the finest fiction we have—direct, comprehensive, moving, and savagely honest. Scarcely a word of it is propaganda, but it draws its power from the author's conviction, irresistibly communicated to the reader, of the desperate injustice of the farmers' situation. And now—Hamlin Garland, member of the American Academy, as the title-page proudly states—self-satisfied, fastidious, undemocratic, out of sympathy with every vital movement in contemporary life. "The poor are obsolete," he remarked in "Roadside Meetings." We live in "an almost universal era of cynicism, obscenity, and destructive criticism," he says here. What has happened to Hamlin Garland?

Something approaching an answer is in this book, for it was between 1900 and 1917 that the change came about. As both "A Son of the Middle Border" and "Roadside Meetings" show, Garland, even as a young boy, felt the urge of the pioneer to better his circumstances. He wanted to succeed, to raise himself and his immediate family out of the slough of poverty. But at the same time he realized that the fate of the Garlands and McClintocks was the fate of the entire class to which they belonged, and the desire to better himself and his family merged with the desire to liberate his class. When he returned from his first visit to the East, equipped with standards by which to measure the misery of Middle Border life, and armed with the all-explaining theories of Henry George, his sympathy for his people flamed into a zeal to serve them, and this zeal made not merely a reformer but also a writer of him. He no longer fumblingly sought for subjects and methods; his life had a center, a purpose, that concentrated all his experience and all his imaginative power.

The fiction thus inspired laid the foundations of a literary reputation, and gradually Garland realized his ambition for his family. Though far from wealthy, he found himself on the road to comfort and respectability. Accepted in literary and academic circles, he became fastidious and a little contemptuous of dirt and disorder. He forsook Bryan and the Populists for Rooseveltian reform, and, though he remained a nominal follower of Henry George, the single-tax movement ceased to interest him. When he numbered a wife and daughter among his responsibilities, he good-naturedly confessed that his days of controversial writing were over and that he was "in league with the capitalistic forces of society." With the younger, the more adventurous writers of the early century he had few contacts; his position was with the upholders of the older tradition—with Hamilton Wright Mabie and the other creators of the Academy.

The effect on his writing is unmistakable. Even before 1900 he felt that he had done all that there was to do with the themes of "Main-Traveled Roads," and he looked about him for new subjects. The wilder West attracted him; "I perceived," he wrote in "A Daughter of the Middle Border," "that almost any character I could imagine could be verified in this amazing mixture." He embarked upon a career as romantic novelist and, as he boasts, anticipated Zane Grey. Between 1900 and 1917 he wrote a series of highly colored tales of Western adventure, with one or two experiments in the novel of psychic experience and an occasional flyer in the profitable field of juvenile fiction. All this time he was restless, wandering incessantly back and forth across the continent. And he was unhappy. His novels achieved no spectacular success, the money that his new tastes and new responsibilities demanded was not forthcoming, and his creative powers grew feebler and feebler. Desperate, he returned to the writing of his autobiography, undertaken more than a decade before. Already he had begun to idealize his father's generation, and he found it possible to balance his accounts of boyhood hardships with lyric passages in celebration of the heroism of the pioneer. The cruel realities of agrarian oppression took on the charm of reminiscence. Difficulties still faced Garland; publishers failed to see the possibilities of the new book; but at last, in 1917, "A Son of the Middle Border" appeared, heralded on the front page of the *Times* by William Dean Howells's flattering review. With that success, on that cheerful note, "Companions on the Trail" ends. The way was open for Garland; five volumes have followed, each a step to greater comfort and respectability.

So Hamlin Garland, member of the American Academy, came into being. What, one wonders, would have happened if he had kept his loyalty to the humble, hapless farmers of those early stories? What if he had extended that loyalty so that it embraced urban as well as rural laborers? He might have avoided the whole period of unhappy experimentation in romanticism, and he might have ended, not as a complacent and garrulous chronicler of past glories, but as the great novelist he once gave promise of becoming. Such considerations, however, probably disturb him but little; verily, he has his reward.

GRANVILLE HICKS

The Poetry of Unfeeling

American Earth. By Erskine Caldwell. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

ERSKINE CALDWELL is formally introduced in this volume to his country. One of his qualifications, apparently, is his knowledge of that country, for his publishers take pains to tell us that he has lived in several Southern States, in the East, in New England, and in the Far West. Another qualification is his combination of youth and experience; his years are twenty-seven, and his jobs have been almost as many. A third qualification—his publishers do not mention this, but it is implicit throughout the book—is his lack of feeling. For Mr. Caldwell is one of that group of young writers who have surpassed even the hard-boiled generation in callousness; in fact he has been called one of our "new barbarians." Rape and lynching, these are typical incidents in his stories; and he writes about them in the uncomprehending manner approved in our day.

Most of the volume is devoted to rather short short stories

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having the flavor of homely local anecdotes. The style is influenced by Ernest Hemingway, yet possesses a quality of its own. The truth is that Mr. Caldwell writes quite capably, and knows both what a story consists of and how to drive its point home. It is his capability, in fact, that subjects his stories to criticism. For many of them, perhaps all, are deliberately aimed at the reader, with the purpose of getting a definite response from him. The response usually desired is a coarse laugh or a shudder. There is little attempt to record a thing seen in pure terms of the author's vision. Effect is the prime consideration. As a result, there is little artistic difference between these stories and those which appear in some of our large-circulation magazines, except that these, being more "advanced," are aimed at a smaller audience. They tell us nothing new about our country, as the stories of Sherwood Anderson did, for example; because there is no new seeing here. The naivete is not genuine; it is simply the standard hard-boiled device. Despite their title, which may also have been aimed at us, we cannot go to these stories for new knowledge of the soil of America.

But the volume ends with three fantasies in the first person. It is here, in my opinion, that Mr. Caldwell has contributed the most attractive side of himself. His lack of feeling, which is not feigned but real, has a charm in the fantasy that it has not in the short story. A short story is built with the bricks of feeling; otherwise it comes to nothing. But in the fantasy anything is possible, and youthful violence does no harm. "When the woman who told fortunes went crazy, we had to carry her into another tent and cut her throat there." This is a diminutive "chapter" of one of the three fantasies. The reader is willing to accept it, as he is not willing to accept the same unfeeling when it is engaged supposedly in the portrayal of real people in real life. For unfeeling has a poetry of its own, even if it is chiefly a matter of verbal abandon. Tracing Life with a Finger—that is the title of the first fantasy, and, though it has nothing to do with "life," it shows Mr. Caldwell at his best. "Ever since then I have been tired. Oh, my God, how tired I am! The days are long—long. The sun rises quick like a bat out of hell and roosts forever in the sky biting my eyeballs with its black gums, and the blood of me drips all over the world." There is no creation here; but there is a certain freshness and novelty.

GERALD SYKES

Laying War's Foundation

European Alliances and Alignments, 1871-1890. By William L. Langer. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

THE year 1871 marked the beginning of a period in international relations which ended only with the World War. In that year the unification of the German Empire was completed and the diplomatic supremacy of Germany in Europe insured by the defeat of France at Sedan. Following that defeat Germany exacted the cession of the two French provinces of Alsace-Lorraine. The purpose of this seizure was frankly strategic—it was to "close the hole in the Vosges." Having added this territory to that won in two previous wars, Germany had reached the saturation-point; consequently, Bismarck now adopted a policy of maintaining "peace."

In achieving its unification Germany, however, had won the implacable enmity of France. The problem of Bismarck was therefore to prevent France from again taking up arms, particularly in union with Russia. Should such an alliance be consummated, the position of Germany, located in the heart of Europe, would become extremely vulnerable. Consequently, Bismarck adopted the system of balance of power—of checks and balances—in order to render France helpless. Thus he concluded the Alliance of the Three Emperors of Germany, Austria, and Russia in 1881, and the Triple Alliance with Austria and Italy in 1882. England—the only important Power to remain out of this anti-French coalition—was soon induced to become a party to the Mediterranean status quo agreement, partly because of its enmity toward France over the Egyptian question. While Bismarck did not believe in preventive wars, he did believe in preventive alliances based on the fear of inevitable attack.

Bismarck's success in bringing about these combinations was especially remarkable in view of the fundamentally divergent interests of Austria and Russia. Moved by pan-Slav sentiment, Russia wished to establish its suzerainty in the Balkans, particularly in Bulgaria; moved by economic and strategic considerations, it wished to establish control over the Straits and Constantinople. Austria, however, opposed this expansion. Although Bismarck frankly urged the two Powers to divide up the Balkans between themselves, compromise proved impossible; and the alliance to which Austria and Russia were parties soon came to a virtual end. The eventual result was the division of Europe into the Triple Alliance versus the Entente. So long as Bismarck remained chancellor, however, this division did not come into existence.

In certain respects the policy of Germany after 1871 was similar to the policy of present-day France. Both states, having obtained all they could digest as a result of war, came to profess a desire for peace and the status quo. To secure this end both states resorted to a policy of alliances; and in addition France invoked the guaranties of the League of Nations. Nevertheless, strong popular movements against the wrongs inflicted by the peace treaties arose in both countries. In France this movement was led by Paul Déroulède and Boulanger; and in the crisis of 1887 it nearly forced the government into war. Today a similar movement has arisen in Germany under Adolf Hitler. The supremacy of Germany, so carefully built up by Bismarck, came to an end with the World War. Will the present supremacy of France similarly be overthrown?

Professor Langer has traced the diplomatic maneuvering of this period in great detail. Perhaps to a greater extent than any other historian he has examined and digested the extensive literature and documentation covering this period of history which has come to light during the last few years. While there are certain incidents which he has neglected, such as the diplomatic struggle back of the Convention of Constantinople of 1888, this book should prove of the utmost value to the diplomatic historian.

From the standpoint of the student of international relations, this book is not so satisfactory. While Mr. Langer traces the diplomatic moves with meticulous and often tedious detail, he devotes very little attention to the fundamental motives which prompted these moves and which were responsible for the balance-of-power system. Repeatedly he makes categorical statements, such as that Bismarck believed a new war with France was inevitable, without explaining "why." He does not have a word of condemnation for the seizure of Alsace-Lorraine, although his own account demonstrates that Ferry and Bismarck probably could have effected a reconciliation between the two countries except for this single issue. Again, he asserts that during this period "the irresistible surge of mass feeling began to hurry governments into actions which the leading statesmen, if given time, might have carefully avoided," a statement which implies that democracies are less pacific than autocracies. Yet for such an important generalization Mr. Langer presents no evidence. Despite the publisher's blurb to the contrary, he has not examined the question of public opinion and war as it has been examined in the recent studies of Kingsley Martin, Walter Millis, and Malcolm Carroll. Emil Ludwig is not

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of course a professional historian; nevertheless in his "July '14" he brings together a good deal of evidence to show that in the democratic countries of Europe popular sentiment against the outbreak of war in 1914 was much greater than in the autocratic countries. If Mr. Langer is of an opposite opinion he should march forth his proofs. He attacks the "cheap and frequently ignorant arraignments" of the old diplomacy, and expresses the belief that the statesmen in pre-war days were no more "wicked" than at present. Mr. Langer admires Bismarck because he made the alliance system work, but he regards Lord Derby, a British foreign minister, as "weak," apparently because his conscience prevented him from seizing Cyprus. Referring to Bismarck's attempt to play England against Russia, he states, "There was certainly a tinge of duplicity in the whole procedure, but this was redeemed by the fact that the great chancellor was workng for European peace." If Mr. Langer really believes in the implications of his statements, he has a limited view of the nature of international politics. Was not Bismarck's real motive the desire to secure Germany's stolen property against molestation? The question for the historian to answer is not whether men were "good" or "bad" but whether the institutions which they erected and the policies they followed worked to the interests of mankind.

The author does add, almost as an afterthought, that "paradoxically enough it may be said that by preserving the peace of Europe the great chancellor made possible the phenomenal development of forces which made peace more and more difficult to maintain in the future." The student of international relations wishes to know the nature of these forces; he wishes to determine whether the balance-of-power system is inevitable, whether it will always result eventually in war, and whether it can be abolished. It is this sort of institutional examination of the balance of power which is greatly needed, and which I hope Mr. Langer will give us in a subsequent volume.

RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL

For Civilized Readers

The Glories of Venus. By Susan Smith. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

SOME months ago Susan Smith published "Made in Mexico," a charming book, in simplified English for children, concerning Mexican crafts and wares. There was little promise, however, in that volume, of the skill with which she appears as a story-teller in "The Glories of Venus," a short novel depicting the life of colonists and tourists from the United States in Mexico, a book timely in two respects: the one a surface timeliness, the other a deeper timeliness.

In a brief passage Susan Smith has one of her characters smile at a professor who tries to pigeonhole various aspects of Mexico in his notebook. She more than intimates that Mexico is not that kind of a pigeon. The fact, however, that our researchers and journalists are busy in Mexico means a response, on their part and on that of their employers, to a general popular interest among Americans in the republic immediately south of them. Discerning tourists, more numerous each year, bring back from Mexico reports of regions as beautiful and interesting as most European regions, and more alive. Mexican officials encourage this attention in every way possible. And America, to a certain degree, reciprocates. American archaeologists excavate Mayan ruins. Americans of distinction study in Mexico City. Mexican artists decorate American buildings. All in all, the two peoples are mingling personally with new respect and forgetting the old attitudes toward gringo and greaser. Hence the surface timeliness of Mrs. Smith's book—its entire action taking place among Mexican scenes and surroundings which are sensitively felt and accurately recorded.

The other timeliness in "The Glories of Venus" is implied by the title itself. The group of American wanderers and dalliers in Mexico, although it has a Bohemian cast, reflects to a considerable degree the moral laxity and lassitude among modern Americans of passable culture and possible grace. These men and women shift partners on jaunts and in bedrooms as easily and naturally as in stricter days dancers shifted partners in "All Hands Round" and glided away, newly mated, to various parts of a ballroom. These later dancers appear to be less happily rewarded than their predecessors were. The author, however, does not point a moral to adorn her tale. There is no undue stress anywhere. She merely brings alive a typical coterie of persons and with gentle wisdom and smooth wit subjects them in their pleasure-loving nonchalance to the intimate shadow of death as it is felt in Mexico. There is something here of the dread which D. H. Lawrence always felt in that country; and whereas he told of it darkly in "The Plumed Serpent," Mrs. Smith tells of it lightly, but not too lightly, in "The Glories of Venus."

WITTER BYNNER

Russian "Types"

These Russians. By William C. White. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.

THE truth about Russia is Janus-faced. Since the American public by and large has no basis for judging whether what an author says about Soviet conditions is correct or not, a tremendous responsibility rests on the writer in the choice of his material. He can create a most favorable impression or the opposite. Everything depends on his angle of vision, and on the data he selects. Now I would ask William White: Why, when you wish to describe a student, do you pick an ugly, dried-up, sexless *Komsomolka* when you know that many of these young Communist girls are good-looking, charming, and full of interest in personal things? Your "typical" worker is sixty—a mixture, therefore, of much that is pre-revolutionary and a little that was born after 1917. An average Soviet worker is thirty-five or forty, and is more pro-Soviet and a better reflection of the revolution than your Pavel Vassilich. I could suggest individuals who, portrayed as types, would present a very different picture of Soviet life: for instance, a woman in Uzbekistan to whom the revolution brought economic freedom, an unveiled face, and liberation from the harem; a Jewish student in a Moscow university who under Czardom would never have had a chance to study and advance, and over whose head in the little Ukrainian town would have hung the eternal threat of pogrom and persecution; a Communist director of a construction job. Think of it: the Communists dominate Russia, and Mr. White devotes no chapter to a typical party member. Yet he gives a chapter each to a disgruntled professor, a kulak (a fine sketch, incidentally), a Jewish merchant, a bitter engineer, a priest, a rich, anti-Russian Caucasian innkeeper, a silly old music teacher, and so on.

Nevertheless, there is some excellent writing in this book, and with the reservation that it is only one side of the picture I would recommend it as realistic and as near the truth as fictionalized reporting can be. I should like to see a sequel to this volume in which White might let the pro-Bolsheviks in Russia pass before our eyes, and in which he would not place all of Moscow's "anecdotes" in the mouths of living people. That one in which President Kalinin is made to say to a peasant meeting: "See here. What do you want? Socialism or bread?" is quite unpardonable.

LOUIS FISCHER

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Books in Brief

The Travel Tales of Mr. Joseph Jorkens. By Lord Dunsany. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.

Mr. Jorkens sits in his club in London, and if someone stands him a drink and no one questions his scientific exactitude, relates his stories. About the *abu laheeb,* the Promethean beast of Arabia, the only animal that can handle fire; about the desert wanderer who climbed into a mirage; about the Cambridge undergraduate whom an African god allowed fifty runs whenever he batted at cricket; about the man who flew to Mars by centrifugal force and found human beings kept there in chicken coops for the table of larger animals; about the Siberian mountain of carbon that was struck by an intensely hot meteorite and changed into easily the world's largest diamond; about the river dug by bootleggers to flow booze from Canada to the United States; about the showman caged and exhibited to other apes in the wilds of Africa by the apes which he had formerly caged and exhibited in Europe himself; about the mermaid whom Jorkens stole from a swimming tank by concealing her fins; about the witch whom he refused to marry "blind," the witch who would have been turned by one word of love into a beautiful princess, so that he lost romance from his life forever. There is an unfailing charm, an unerring touch, in Lord Dunsany's fancy. Mr. Jorkens is not a character; he is a series of masterly variations upon one theme, the theme of motiveless, uncontrollable, sober-faced, disbelieved, touchy mendacity. To follow his tales, his effort to make them plausible, his resentment of the slightest doubt, his scorn of "sneering fools," is like a game for the intellect, offering to those of sufficient humor the sure reward of delight.

All Passion Spent. By V. Sackville-West. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

This careful, slow-moving, intricately written story of Lady Slane's desire to live out calmly, passively, the few years left to her of her frustrated, over-managed life contrives to produce a certain glow of pleasure in the reader in spite of the fact that the writing seems at times too self-conscious, too unnecessarily deliberate. It is delicately done, but never profoundly done. The purpose seems askew, as if the author were divided between the desire to portray the calm of old age and the desire to show the waning of the whole pre-war mode of life. She never quite makes up her mind which she is more impressed with. And the depth of the theme is, accordingly, never sounded, only occasionally hinted at.

Poetry in France and England. By Jean Stewart. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.25.

This fifteenth volume of the Hogarth Lectures, which present literature "as dynamic rather than static," is one of the most illuminating and timely in the entire series. Today, with the pendulum swung toward classicism, everyone interested in the growth of literatures would do well to review that evolution as it manifested itself in the poetry of France and of England. This is the excellently accomplished purpose of Miss Stewart's book. Beginning with a fine analysis of the differences in the languages of the two countries, which gave rise, in turn, to a difference in prosody, which was directly indicative of the innate differences in the French and English minds, Miss Stewart traces the similarities and dissimilarities of French and English poetry from the Renaissance down through modern times. She shows how, from the beginning, the genius of the French was toward analysis, while in England all aesthetic movements were due to foreign influence; she points out that even in the Renaissance, when the themes of poetry were common stock, springing from the same joy in life, French poetry inclined toward an emphasis on form, English toward experimentation. Finally in the Augustan Age the French critical control reached its height, a control not so easily swept aside there as it was in England by Romanticism. She shows how always the French are disinclined toward excesses, while the English poet drops from the heights to the depths, and then soars back to the heights again. Finally she concludes with an excellent chapter on French symbolism and its direct influence upon modern English (and American) poetry. Miss Stewart's scholarship is detailed, and her breadth of view and her ability to draw conclusions are important and clarifying.

Golden Remedy. By Rex Stout. The Vanguard Press. $2.50.

The author of "Golden Remedy" has been compared to D. H. Lawrence. But his account of a man who never achieves sexual satisfaction without becoming disgusted is written as an outspoken Hergesheimer might write, describing present-day manners. There are amusing spots in the novel, but the characters run so true to type—the temperamental concert singer, the willing stenographer, etc., with the exception of the lady who slept on her harp—that it is impossible to sustain more than a mild interest in the finally middle-aged man who writes poetry and has an understanding with his wife.

Henry Irving. By Gordon Craig. Longmans, Green and Company. $3.

Because John Henry Brodribb of Somerset and Cornwall had the devil in him, he became Henry Irving; it was *le diable au corps* that transformed a potential farmer into "the greatest actor of his time." That is the *Leitmotif* of Mr. Craig's rhapsody, which glows with the admiration, almost the adoration, of a disciple. A formal biography would not have answered his purpose—the polemical defense of every idiosyncracy. He even finds justification for Irving's affected pronunciation in the pure, undefiled English of such sixteenth-century ballads as "Robin and the Potter." To this partisanship, however, one is grateful for a book which, if excited in tone, is also exciting to readers.

Music

Carl Weinrich

I WISH it were possible to write about the Bach organ recitals Carl Weinrich is giving at the Church of the Holy Communion, at Sixth Avenue and Twentieth Street, without mentioning Lynnwood Farnam. For Farnam's was the clearest, simplest, most moving Bach playing one had ever heard, and it is difficult to say that Weinrich's is not quite that without conveying an inadequate and unjust impression.

The Bach organ works are as well able to speak for themselves as anything in music, and Farnam's playing of them was perfect because it seemed absent. Weinrich was Farnam's pupil, and doubtless absorbed to a great extent Farnam's unerring and imaginative taste in registration, as well as his ideas of tempo, dynamic variation, rubato, etc. I say his *ideas* because his inner sense in rhythmic matters was, of course, unique and untransmissible. Mr. Weinrich is less infallible than his master, but what one is born with another often acquires, and his playing is so thoroughly satisfactory already that we can well afford to wait and see. Without pretending to any great knowledge of organ-playing, I consider his Bach as good as that of any organist I have heard except Farnam. And that is really quite good enough.

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For the organ demands, above all, good intentions, good training, hard work. The intention to play the G-Major Prelude and Fugue, for example, as simply, clearly, merrily as possible; the training that makes possible balanced, logical, attractive registration and straightforward rhythm; the work necessary to play the right notes at the right time—with these three things anyone can keep out of Bach's way, and that is all anyone needs to do to give a "moving performance" of the organ works. And these three things Carl Weinrich has in excellent proportions, lapsing only slightly and occasionally in any direction.

He has learned what Farnam could teach him, and all that remains for him is to work toward what was not teachable. His rhythm is at times a little uncertain—noticeably so, for example, in the adagio of the Trio-Sonata he played a week ago Sunday. He is still learning to make proper allowance for the differences in time it takes different stops to speak. But even if there were many more serious imperfections in his playing than there are, I should still make the effort to hear each of his recitals at least once, and twice whenever I could. During October he is playing every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 and (the same program) every Monday evening at 8:15—a series devoted exclusively to Bach, and including all the choral preludes in the "Orgelbüchlein." In January there will be a series devoted largely to Vierne, and in April one including all the organ works of Brahms. The recitals are free, and one listens to music under ideal circumstances. There is no other series of concerts in New York, except perhaps those of the Friends of Music, on which one can rely so surely for music at its best. Those whom Farnam's death left still intending to hear him often can do no better than take advantage of what Mr. Weinrich offers them.

ARTHUR MENDEL

Architecture

A New Pace in Building

IN the last two issues of the *Architectural Record,* Dr. Mikkelsen, the editor, has broached a problem that warrants close attention by us all. The building industry in the United States, including the architectural profession, has been geared to an era of tremendous growth in population. But the increase is now rapidly falling off. In the last ten years—1920 to 1930—it was 17,000,000; but year by year it has been getting less; and the decade 1930 to 1940 is likely to see an increase of as little as 9,000,000, a little more than half the gain of the previous period.

Now this strikes at the base of American architecture. The profession has been keyed to the need for quick building. Our unique contribution to architectural procedure has been the organization of the great "plan-factory," which employs up to two hundred men, engaged largely in making adaptations in stock plans for the local requirements of any particular building lot, and dolling up the result in the nearest handy "style." Not the most sensitive and individual architect could affect this system much, if he built in quantity. Its stamp is on all our recent "styles" whether "period" or "modern." It is more important than they. The Americans were in a new country, and first of all had to have a roof over their rapidly multiplying heads.

With the population increase slowing up, there will no longer be this mining-camp fever for any old kind of a shack. Buildings will probably be fewer, and so each one can have more thought. Conditions are beginning to approximate those in Europe, which has hitherto been our main source of conscious ideas of form, because there was time over there for ideas to be produced.

The change in temper in our architectural profession is already noticeable, though much exaggerated by the present depression. While their draftsmen draw labels or walk the streets, even the heads of the plan-factories have had to pause in their course. Two years ago the architects as a group were still the most smugly Pecksniffian outfit, so it seemed. Today it is respectable in almost any office and any architectural journal to speak about town planning, and even to neglect houses in conversation about housing.

Will the increase in the quality of individual structures through greater study be the only effect of the slower population growth? Probably not. It is no accident that discussions today so quickly turn to housing. It is new housing that is most urgently needed; it is there that we have hitherto done our most wretched job. And yet, since most of the population is already under roof somehow, our future construction will be mainly in the nature of replacement—that is, doing the bad job over again. We are therefore compelled to build not only better but cheaper. And that brings us to the other important trend that Dr. Mikkelsen points out in the immediate past—the trend toward industrialization.

In the last ten years industrialization in the building trades has greatly accelerated, but I risk the prophecy that this is nothing to what we may expect in the future. Quietly the manufacturers are already working on the problem of developing housing units that can eventually be completely factory-made.

It is a problem that is suited to us as a people. In our period of expansion we unconsciously accumulated leadership in one realm—that of organization. Our position is analogous to that of the Romans. Though their decoration was Greek, and revetted on at that, their planning was unsurpassed. And though our factory-built housing units may raise a great many problems, and for a time throw a large part of architecture into confusion, the new housing will yet emerge fundamentally much better. Better for us, that is, who will be of that time. Only the excessively rich will continue to buy their houses handmade. And at that, it may be that the houses we have been accustomed to call the best will no longer be so—they will have value as works of art, but few will prefer to live in them. They will be obsolete.

DOUGLAS HASKELL

Drama

Realism and Drama

NO contemporary dramatist has a keener ear or a shrewder eye than Elmer Rice. No matter what milieu he chooses to present in a play, one may be sure that its salient features will be recorded with an exactitude which both the camera and the phonograph might envy. What most of us have only seen or heard he has *noticed;* and the result is a spectacle at once novel and familiar—familiar because we have met every one of its elements before, amusingly novel because we have never previously realized just how characteristic these familiar things were. The titter of recognition is the response which he is surest to win, and realism of a kind could hardly be carried farther.

But this talent has its danger. Its result tends to be pictorial or static, and (if I read him aright) Mr. Rice's real problem is always the problem of finding something to make his plays move. In "Street Scene" he achieved a triumphant solution by introducing a simple but swift and powerful melodrama;

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in "See Naples and Die" he satisfied me, at least, with some extravagant and high-spirited farce; but in "The Left Bank" (Little Theater) he has fallen short of complete success because the story he has to tell is completely uninspired, because, though it is typical enough and true enough, it permits the expected to happen with disconcerting regularity.

Mr. Rice, to be sure, could not write anything which would not be relatively interesting, and his shrewdness did not desert him when he chose to give some account of the doings of American expatriates fleeing from themselves in the direction of Montparnasse. His room in a cheap Parisian hotel is perfect in its verisimilitude and so too are all the things that go on in it. The bathroom two flights up and the telephone three flights down are nature herself; the obsequious but incompetent male chambermaid, the light which goes on over the bed when it is turned off in the room, and the hideous wallpaper (convincingly declared to be worse in the next room than in this) are the same.

Whoever has taken his course at the Dome—and what American under fifty has not?—will smile with malicious pleasure and feel, besides, a certain pride in the realization that he too is in a position to appreciate the jest. The Left Bank is, hardly less than Kansas, a part of the American scene. "Et in Arcadia ego." I too know whereof Mr. Rice is speaking. I too have tried to forget a damnably inadequate bath by reflecting on the superiorities of European civilization, and I too have babbled of the graciousness of Parisian life while munching stale *croissants* beside a bed of incomparable hideousness. But none of these reflections quite last the evening out, and as the minutes roll by, one becomes more and more acutely aware that Mr. Rice has nothing new to say concerning the problem of the expatriates.

Obviously these latter are running away from themselves and obviously that is something which none of us can successfully do. Our roots are in American soil and can draw their sustenance from nowhere else—even though, perhaps, it is just as well that every rebel should find out that fact for himself. What if some of us do want to shoot tipplers at sight while the rest of us seem convinced that the pursuit of delirium tremens is the only activity permissible to a really civilized man? Nothing is gained by carrying on the latter activity abroad, and if we want a different civilization we shall have to build it for ourselves; for, as the *raisonneur* of the play remarks, "It seems to me that we have got to go where the world is going, not where it came from."

All this and more along the same sensible line is said well in "The Left Bank"; but something less familiar would be necessary to make the play more than the rather amusing comedy it is. If the scene is to be familiar and the characters are to be typical, then there is a crying need for novelty somewhere, because the pleasure of recognition, genuine though it be, is not by itself enough for a great or really stirring play.

Concerning "The Good Companions" (Forty-fourth Street Theater) I must speak with diffidence. Adapted from a tremendously popular novel and apparently highly delightful to large audiences, it seems destined to success, but I must confess that I found its noisy good humor and its aggressive wholesomeness worse than trying. "Dickensy" is the adjective one is supposed to apply to its sprawling story and desperately quaint characters, though it would, perhaps, be as well to remark that one may very easily like Dickens without feeling any great enthusiasm for those whose work is said to resemble his. Personally I never felt more sympathy for Scrooge than at that moment at the end of the first act when a toast is drunk to all "Good Companions."

"Payment Deferred" (Lyceum Theater) is something more than an excellent melodrama. It is also realistic, intelligent, and gruesomely ironical.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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Intolerance in Vienna

By NOAH FABRICANT

Vienna, September 1

ON June 23, 1931, the Rotary International Convention opened in Vienna amid thunderous applause and moving phrases on "world amity," "international brotherhood," and "the cultivation of friendship across the seas." About a mile away from the convention hall vicious attacks broke out at the University of Vienna against foreign and Jewish students. The rioting lasted five days, and more than a score of students were cruelly beaten. Little police protection was offered these students because of an unwritten law that the police cannot enter the university grounds. Police Commissioner Brandel later admitted that "there is no written law."

The precipitating factors which culminated in the rioting date back to the preceding year. Professor Wenzl Glasbach, rector of the University of Vienna during the years 1929-30, had openly supported the demands of the reactionary Nationalist students in attendance at the university. These demands were the immediate institution of self-government, "in all questions concerning the duties and rights of the students at the university," based on the race principle—that is, based on a distinction between Aryan and non-Aryan students. And even with the further distinction that among the Aryans themselves there was to be a differentiation between German Aryans and non-German Aryans.

In short, in view of the German nature of the University of Vienna the German-Austrian students were to be considered henceforth as "masters of the house." All other students were to be subdivided into "student nations" possessing only minority rights in no way comparable to those of the German students. The National Socialists admitted that their primary purpose was direct action against the Jews. Jewish students, although Austrian citizens, were to be required to register as Jews and not as Austrians.

Rector Glasbach sympathized with these plans and helped create this "student rights" legislation directed against the minority groups. His views were supported also by the council of the university and the Nationalist *Studentenschaft*.

At the time protests from the Social Democrats, the minority student groups, and even the Clericals against this arbitrary racial discrimination in an educational institution proved of little avail. Foremost in fighting it was the *Wiener Sonn- und Montags Zeitung*, a weekly newspaper, under Regierungsrat Ernst Klebinder, who bitterly opposed Rector Glasbach's ruling in an article published May 19, 1930. As a result of this and subsequent articles Klebinder was accused by the public prosecutor in an open trial, June 20, 1930, of attacking the honor of the rector and the council of the university. No further hearing was held until June 19, 1931, when the matter was brought before the Constitutional Court. Both Glasbach and the Minister of Education appeared as witnesses against Klebinder.

The Constitutional Court found in Klebinder's favor. In a decree promulgated June 23, 1931, the court ordered the legislation abolished on the ground that it was in direct opposition to the constitutional law of the land. Early in the day, when this decree was announced, attacks began on Jewish as well as foreign students at the University of Vienna. By his passivity during the violence in the buildings under his charge, Professor Übersberger, the present rector of the university, may be said to have condoned the attacks. Police stationed around the university but carefully refraining from entering it offered practically no aid to the victims. More than a score of foreign students, many of them Jews but including Hungarians and an Egyptian, were badly injured in the beatings administered them by their Nationalist classmates. One youth, when set upon by thirty to forty rioters, jumped out of a second-story window to escape their assault and suffered a broken leg.

A large and important group of foreign students at the University of Vienna are the American physicians taking postgraduate work there. Many of these were aroused by the injustice of the attacks. Under the leadership of Dr. Samuel Marcus, a Los Angeles physician and a former major in the United States Army, these doctors issued the following protest:

UNITED STATES LEAGUE FOR PROTECTION OF FOREIGN STUDENTS

We, the undersigned Americans, hereby protest against the repeated attacks on minority groups of foreigners, such as Hungarians, Poles, and Jews, in the University of Vienna.

We, who have come here with respect and admiration for Austrian culture, are now shocked by these outrages and regret to foresee that the rest of the world must know and be equally indignant.

As American citizens we protest against the cowardice, inhumanity, and unsportsman-like outrage of mobs of fifty to a hundred attacking a single foreign student. We have as witnesses students who have been mercilessly beaten. Even women have been injured.

We protest against the cultural atrocity wherein a rector and leader of a university fails to defend the victims, his own students, and actually forbids the police to enter to help the injured. We protest against the maintenance of such a man in office.

We protest against the police who have advance notice of these attacks. Quite curiously, they always arrive late and fail to handle the situation with adequate energy. Those apprehended are released without punishment.

We are notifying the B'nai B'rith, representing four million Americans interested in this problem. We are also notifying other American organizations and philanthropists who have assisted the University of Vienna without knowing the partiality, cruelty, and prejudice of the management and certain professors of this institution. We are also notifying other bodies, such as the American Legion of War Veterans, from whom we are sure of assistance in a stand for humanity and justice.

We are demanding better protection from the American government and its ministers here. Lives of Americans are endangered and the investment of years of study and money are being threatened. Because of the above danger

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to Americans, as well as on general humanitarian principles, we demand of the American Minister a firm and sincere stand on the cessation of these repeated riots. . . .

This date we are sending a copy of this letter to every important newspaper in America.

[Signed] THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

DR. S. MARCUS, Major U. S. Army — DR. S. ZAKON
DR. A. L. LYONS — DR. A. BEHRENS
DR. B. PUSHKIN — DR. N. D. FABRICANT

Members of the American Medical Association of Vienna

The sequel to this protest was an amazing one. The protest had been written hurriedly. To establish its purpose at first glance, the signers of the protest had called themselves the "United States League for Protection of Foreign Students." For further identification the executive committee had signed as individual members of the American Medical Association of Vienna.

Before the protest was published, Dr. Marcus on June 30 showed a mimeographed copy to Dr. Schilling, president of the American Medical Association of Vienna. Dr. Schilling read it through, expressed approval of its spirit, but said that it needed correction. He corrected it and returned it to Dr. Marcus the next morning with the corrections written out in his own hand. The protest was dispatched to the rector of the university, the faculty members, the American Minister to Austria, the Associated Press, and the United Press, as well as to many of the Viennese newspapers.

The rector of the university was infuriated. He appealed to Mr. G. B. Stockton, the United States Minister to Austria, who in turn summoned Dr. Schilling as president of the American Medical Association of Vienna, whose members had signed the protest. Two days after his conference with the American Minister, Dr. Schilling denied that he had ever seen the protest, knew of its contents, was in sympathy with it, or that it reflected the opinion of either the American Medical Association of Vienna or of himself.

Meeting Dr. Marcus in the library of the American Medical Association, Dr. Schilling told him: "I have just come from the American Minister. He is raving mad. He raised hell. He kept me there almost three hours. He had me driven around in an automobile. He sent me to the rector of the university." Dr. Schilling told the writer of this article the same story, admitting under questioning that the signers of the protest were within their rights as individual members of the American Medical Association of Vienna and that the naming of the group of signers "United States League for Protection of Foreign Students" showed it was a distinct and separate organization in no way misrepresenting the American Medical Association.

The conferences between Dr. Schilling and the rector of the university and the American Minister were held without giving any of the signers of the protest an opportunity to state their side of the story or defend themselves. Accordingly Dr. Marcus visited the American Minister. Mr. Stockton flew into a rage. He shook his fist in the physician's face and threatened to "end your visit in Vienna." He accused the executive committee supporting the protest of flagrant and wilful misrepresentation. He cried: "If the authorities or the rioters get after you, I will not protect or defend you."

As a result of the American Minister's attitude an article attacking the signers of the protest on the ground of mis-

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representation was published in the Vienna *Reichspost*. The article used the identical words in which the American Minister had criticized Dr. Marcus. The rector wrote the professors of the university in the same vein. And the *Deutsch-Österreichische Tageszeitung* followed with an article bearing the dubious title A Rotarian Advertisement Swindle Unmasked.

The protest, however, had done some good. The Viennese authorities so disliked the international publicity which followed that a quietus was rapidly put on the rioters. The *Neues Wiener Tageblatt* in an editorial on July 5 declared it was the duty of the University of Vienna to prevent all future hooliganism which might further disgrace its name internationally. Various liberal organizations thanked the signers of the protest.

But if Vienna calmed down, the American Minister did not. Evidently uneasy as to the effects of his actions if they became known to the large body of Jewish voters in the United States with a Presidential campaign not far off, Mr. Stockton invited the correspondents of American and English newspapers to a stag dinner. It was the first time since his arrival in Vienna that he had given such an affair.

Believing it was to be a good-fellows-get-together affair, the correspondents were amazed when the Minister in his opening talk of welcome immediately referred to the protest of the American doctors and dwelt at length upon the character of the signers, particularly Dr. Marcus. He made known a fact, with which only one or two of the newspapermen present were familiar, that Dr. Marcus had been arrested on his arrival in Vienna in a case of mistaken identity. Dr. Marcus had been immediately released as soon as he had established his identity and had come out of the affair with all honor. It was apparent that the American Minister had mentioned the incident with deliberate intent to prejudice the character of Dr. Marcus in the minds of the correspondents.

Contributors to This Issue

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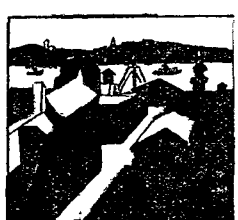

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